

THE·CHURCH·OF·CHRIST
IN COREA



MALCOLM·C·FENWICK



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MR. FENWICK AND PASTOR SEN.

The Church of Christ in Corea

BY
MALCOLM C. FENWICK

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

HODDER & STOUGHTON

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR GREAT DEPARTED
MISSIONARIES

Barnabas and Paul; Xavier and Zwinlech; Morrison and Taylor; Moffat and Livingstone; Carey, Judson and Duff; Williams and Paton; to Pastors Harm and Adoniram Judson Gordon; and to all others who, abroad or at home, "first gave themselves unto the Lord," and counted not their lives, time, nor possessions, neither their sons nor their daughters too precious for Jesus, if by any means they might hasten the day that would bring back again the banished King to realize the joy that was set before Him in gathering his ransomed ones unto Himself.

A NOTE INTRODUCTORY

MR. FENWICK has written one of those rare books— an autobiographical missionary record. Its enthusiasm for soul-saving and eagerness for sacrifice date back to the first apostolic fervor which spread the gospel through the Western world. Like John G. Paton's famous work, it is a latter-day addition to *THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES*, and in this case the apostles are the Coreans themselves.

For years Mr. Fenwick labored in Corea, preaching Christ both by word and example, but met with scant success. Then he made the discovery which formed the foundation of the Pauline Church that the gospel can best be taught to foreign peoples by picked native converts.

While the book is primarily a history of the spread of Christianity in Corea, it is incidentally a plea for a return to the missionary methods of the early Christian Church, and a convincing illustration of what may be accomplished by

those methods. If Mr. Fenwick's advice were adopted in any universal manner, its effect on future missionary enterprise would be far-reaching and revolutionizing; moreover, it would multiply many times the economic possibilities for pioneering.

The apostles whose acts are here related are all Koreans; where the white men had failed, the native pastors met with unbounded success. With fine simplicity and tenderness, Mr. Fenwick sketches their characters and tells of their devotion. His record is a clarion call to Christian enthusiasm, and a challenge to the apathy of the Western world.

C. W. D.

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“God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are ; that no flesh should glory in His presence.”

I Cor. 1 : 27-29.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN COREA

CHAPTER I

How the Shepherd found His Lost Sheep

GOD'S need of witnesses — the awful fact that one thousand million of the inhabitants of earth have not yet had a good opportunity to either accept or reject Christ; the fact that the children born to the heathen are more in number, by two hundred to one, than the children "born again"; and the still more awful fact that the church, after nineteen hundred years of effort, is not only failing to maintain sufficient witnesses for God, that He may be justified by every lost soul receiving the testimony of two or three witnesses for the establishment of every word of His; but is failing, even in a country so lavishly blessed as Corea, to provide one witness to each county (counties as large as the counties in America and England,

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and more populous) — constitutes my only excuse for writing this book.

Conscious that my work will contain many imperfections, I approach the task with diffidence. My chief concern, however, is not because of this; but that God's superabounding grace, to one so unworthy, should be known among the churches where my Lord still walks, and at every opportunity given Him, stretches out that hand bearing the scar of a great jagged hole, and points to the regions beyond. Men say, "A bad workman quarrels with his tools." If this be true, we know, both by our own experience and by observation, that Jesus is a master Workman. He has never been known to quarrel with the instruments He was obliged to use to accomplish His work. And if this book encourages the church to believe more completely in His willingness to use such an imperfect witness as the writer, or such untutored instruments as the Corean evangelists mentioned in the story, its purpose will be accomplished.

The work to which God called me being apart from any denomination, as soon as souls were added to the Lord in different sections of the country and it became necessary to appoint over-

seers, we selected the simplest church name we could, which in the Korean language is "Tai Han Kitock Kyowhay," and being interpreted means "The Church of Christ in Corea."

As the story is about this church, the book takes that title.

The prime requisite of any missionary of the cross being "the new birth," I will tell, just here, the story of my transfer out of death into life.

When my grandparents, from Pitcairn, Perthshire, Scotland, disembarked at the site of the city of Toronto, Canada, then called York, it consisted of a Hudson Bay store, a flour mill, a blacksmith shop and a few shanties. Blazing their way through the splendid maple and beech and white pine forests to the township of Markham in the county of York — still considered the finest in all the Dominion — they settled on a large tract of land, where my father was born, lived and died, leaving behind him a widow and eleven children amply provided for, and a fragrant memory. It was little I knew of a father's care, as he died when I was but five years of age; but it has been one of the joys of my life to meet old neighbors and friends of father's, who were always ready to sing his praises. The first time

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I spoke in the village church after becoming a missionary, a dear, old Scotch lady said to me, "Are you a son of Archie Fenwick?" When she learned I was, she said, "Weel, laddie, you just be as gude a mon as he was and ye'll do." Also, a gentleman who had prospered and made a splendid name for himself said to me, "I was one of the young men in your father's time. I never knew him to meet me or any young man that he did not stop us and make kindly inquiries and give us a word of splendid advice." In public enterprises, father was ever among the foremost. His home rule was after the strictest, old-fashioned, severe type, yet all his children rise up and call him blessed.

I was the last son to leave the home, with its beautiful surroundings and helpful atmosphere. The Canadian Pacific Railway was being pushed through the rich plains of Manitoba and the Northwest, and cities were springing up along the line, making land booms frequent. I was eighteen, and having had all the experience I cared for on the Prize Model Farm of Ontario, the Manitoba fever got hold of me, and mother moving to Toronto I was free to go to the Plains.

The memory of my mother and sisters kept me from the grosser sins which prevailed in this new country. Another thing which helped me at this time was the teaching and example of a Scotch minister, the Rev. Donald M. McIntosh, who for years had lived in our home, and who became revered by thousands of people for miles around. The sick and distressed, the lame, the halt, and the blind, scholars and statesmen, the living and the dying, sought his help and counsel, and what, perhaps, they most needed and invariably received, his sympathy — his loving, soothing, healing, human sympathy.

Mr. McIntosh was a gold medalist of Glasgow University, and could quote the poets by the hour. He had a massive brain. His greatness, however, consisted not in these things, but in that with all his scholarship, with all his mature wisdom, with all his literary ability, he was first and always the humble, simple, childlike disciple of Jesus Christ; the man so like his Master that people of all classes would stop talking, to say, "Yonder goes the man who never put a straw in anybody's way." To have been given the privilege of living under the same roof with such a man, I consider one of the greatest "hand-

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fuls of purpose" my Goel-Redeemer dropped for my gleaning.

I shall never forget the day I left home: how he took me into his study, secured a book from his library, wrote my name in it, then knelt and prayed for me. I don't remember a word of his beautiful prayer; but I can feel the touch of his hand on my shoulder yet, as he bade me good-bye. His parting word I remember because it so influenced my life: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, Malcolm, and you will be all right. I have watched the career of many young men, and those who go down usually start by failing to remember the Sabbath Day." This was the word which made me a regular attendant at church; that influenced me to accept the office of librarian of the Sunday School; that put me in the choir and on committees—in short, which kept me in the best company in the land.

After spending three years on the frontier, I went to see my mother, who had met with a severe accident. One year previous to my return, a dear friend, belonging to one of the oldest Canadian families, had got me to read a chapter, daily, in the Bible. But it was not until

I was saying good-bye the second time to mother, that an arrow pierced my soul, never to be extracted until taken out by the Hand that was wounded for me. I could stand all her exhortations, but I could not stand her tears nor her tender pleading as she said, "O, my son, if you would only give your heart to Jesus, I would not care how far you went from home." I remember how, on the train, I resolved to seek Him until I found Him. Two years of intense conviction followed, during which time I tried all the ways I ever heard of to find Christ, such as seeking Him alone in the woods, praying all through the night, and other self-righteous efforts, until I gave up in despair, saying to God that I was not worthy to be saved. Communion service was at hand in the church which I attended, and I had been asked to join the church on that Sunday and to "shew forth the Lord's death" in company with other Christians. But 1 Cor. 11:27 was in my mind — "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." There is a certain spot on a certain street in Toronto — I visited it the other day — where, during the struggle of those days so long ago, my Prince and Saviour

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met me, and as I gazed into the light of His reconciled countenance I heard Him say, "You are not worthy, but I am. I died, in order that you might live." And I knew I was saved. I had seen that face, "perfect in comeliness"; I had heard that Divine Shepherd voice, and as He had predicted (John 10:3) I followed, and for twenty-five years, "to the praise of the glory of His grace," I have been "faintly pursuing."

CHAPTER II

How God first Educated, then Called Me to be a Missionary

IN July, 1889, while the call to go to Corea was urged upon me, word came from some unknown source that the wife of my beloved friend, Dr. J. W. Heron, then unknown to me, was lying in jail in Corea, and was to be hung for preaching the gospel. This made good copy, and the newspapers in the land spread the story.

An old minister of the gospel who preached not far from our old home, like other good men, was much distressed, and was moved to pray about the matter. So, on Sunday morning, before his congregation, he prayed in his usual way, and told the Lord how terrible was the calamity about to come upon His handmaiden. Then he said, "You know, Lord, Corea is an island in the Pacific Ocean." I do not write this to make the reader laugh, but to point out what ludicrous

ideas even intelligent men have about a small thing like the situation on the map of a little-talked-of country. In common with many others, I thought Corea was an island in the Mediterranean when I first heard of it. Procuring a map, I learned that particular island was Corsica, and that Corea was a peninsula attached to the extremity of Russia in Asia, laved by the waters of the Yellow Sea on the one side, and the Japan Sea on the other, lying between 35° and 43° north latitude.

As to missions, I was wholly ignorant. I had a dim sort of an idea that God wanted the gospel preached to the heathen, and my missionary hero was David Livingstone. Pictures, too, had impressed me. Whenever missions were mentioned, I saw in my mental gallery a dark-visaged, dreadfully solemn-looking individual, standing under a palm tree with a Bible in his hand and a native holding a peculiar-shaped umbrella over his head, while around him were gathered the crowds listening to the gospel he was preaching. Of course, I supposed that every country where a missionary went was hot. I never dreamed, therefore, of finding four feet of snow in Corea for three months of the year. I

thought that all countries missionaries went to had jungles infested with tigers. Thus, for no reason, I had Africa mixed up with India. So, when I heard there were tigers in Corea, I was not surprised. I had heard, after deciding to go to this land, that it was all hills, and this proved to be correct; also the presence of tigers there was soon proven true. But apart from these interesting facts, I was woefully ignorant of the country. It is true that I corresponded with mission boards and had in my possession two books about Corea, written by men who never saw the country; but somehow I did not seem capable of forming an intelligent idea of the land. As to how to conduct missions, I was still more ignorant. Everything was hazy in my mind. When an acquaintance decided to go to Corea, and the battle described later in this chapter was over, I offered to go with him and hold the umbrella over his head while he preached, and to play the organ for him, for I thought that, of course, a missionary must have an organ—a baby organ. I don't know how I got that idea. In reply to this offer, I received the first gleam of encouragement. Answering my objection that I was not a theological student, he said, "I would

rather have you than many theological students I know, because you are 'born again' and know it." To another who spoke to me about becoming a missionary I made the excuse that I had never studied a foreign language, and doubted if I could acquire one. This friend said to me, "The heathen are all afraid of death; would you be willing to go and die for Jesus, as a witness for God to the power of the gospel to make a man die without fear, in peace? When these are brought to judgment, God could then point to you as His witness, in case they rejected Christ, and could say to them, 'I sent my servant to you and you saw him die in triumph; my Spirit impressed upon you that my servant had something you needed, but you rejected the testimony, you rejected my Son, who gave my servant this victory in death; even as I now reject you.'" To this I replied, that at least I could do as much as that.

Having studied year after year with those monarchs of Bible study at old Niagara-on-the-Lake, where the people attending the conference knew not to what denomination the teachers belonged, the denominational feature of missions was not strong in my mind. The idea of being God's witness to every creature and hastening the

return of our absent Lord was ever before me as the Christian's part.

At the time when God called me out of darkness into the marvelous light of His Son, I was engaged in business — wholesale hardware business. I was then manager of a warehouse with about forty men under me. Later, I was promoted to the managership of a branch office and salesroom in a distant city on the seaboard. At the same time, I was studying the Bible at night and preaching the gospel wherever there was an opening, as a so-called layman preaches. When at Niagara Bible Conference the call came to go far hence among the Gentiles, I began, as I have before intimated, to make excuses. "Lord, you know I am only a business man," I said. "Go!" said He. "But I have not a classical schooling. I'm not a minister. I have never been to a theological seminary, Lord." "Go!" He said again. "But I don't want to go," I replied. "Will you let me make you willing?" said He. "No," I replied, "I don't want to be made willing." About the third day I said, "Lord, I'm not willing, and don't want to be, but if you wish to make me willing to be made willing, why, perhaps I could stand for that." That evening I heard Brother Wilder,

of India, telling of a man dying of thirst out in the desert, crying for water. He said if I took him some water in a fine cut glass pitcher and handed it to him in a fine cut glass goblet, he would appreciate it. But if I had only an old rusty, battered can to take it in, he would gladly drink and live. It was water he needed. That simple illustration made me willing. That settled all the educational, theological excuses I had made. I could at least be a battered, rusty can and carry the life-giving water. But there was still one thing holding me back. Not a whole lot of things — just one. So Mr. Wilder was God's messenger to furnish a story for that also. He said: "A man got in a row-boat and, taking the oars, began to pull. After pulling for some time, he noticed he was not yet away from the shore. Getting up, he went to the stern and found that his boat was still tied to the shore and hence all his going was useless. Seizing a knife, he cut the painter and the first stroke of the oars started him off." That fitted my case. So the rope was cut and "The Skipper" of Luke v, got aboard, and landed me four months later safely in Corea. Most captains would have said good-bye and perhaps wished their passenger

lots of good things; but He didn't. He said, "I'm going with you, and I'm never going to leave you. I'll be your Shepherd and lead you over these Korean hills and through their beautiful dells." So we went together, He and I, and we have had a blessed time. Of course there was little I could do, and I was all the time trying to get ahead of Him, and to do foolish things, like many another witless sheep. But He who sought me "until" He found me, and, rejoicing, put me on His mighty shoulders, never left me, and still carries me all the way. I believe He educated me. I believe it was He who kept me near the soil and taught me agriculture and horticulture and commerce; who then sent me to the Northwest where I learned frontier life, then into a law office where I learned legal procedure, and into a business house where I learned practical accounting and banking. All this before I was born into the family of God and became a disciple of the Lord Jesus — a part of the body of Christ. I was then put to managing men and systematizing my work. These last two things I consider the greatest factors taught me on practical lines — factors in producing economical results in foreign missions.

CHAPTER III

I Start Inland

"The Corean is the cleverest alphabet, the simplest in structure, the most consistent, and has the widest phonetic range. It was formed five centuries ago." Hulbert.

THE Corean hills became symbolical of the hills of missionary service which were just ahead of me. The first hill that loomed before me was the language. Fortunately for me, this hill was so big it hid from view more formidable hills which lay beyond. During the first ten months of my life in Corea, I had conned the text-books and manuals seeking in vain to get a grip of the language. Gifted with a fairly good memory, I would memorize two pages of the meaningless jargon until I could repeat it correctly in a variety of ways, only to find next morning that it had all departed from me. Old-fashioned reviewing failing to lead me farther toward a practical use of the language, I broke away from all conventions,

text-books, English-speaking people and advice, and, in order that I might mingle with Koreans only, started with some Korean friends for Sorai, a village about one hundred and sixty miles distant. Passing through the streets of Seoul, the capital city, on our way to Sorai, mounted on the trusty Korean ponies, we saw many strange sights. Beyond the stone tigers that guarded the palace entrance and around the watch tower built upon the outer wall, there were numbers of interesting people and things. Outside the gates of the palace, officials' donkeys in charge of the grooms stood waiting; five men on one shovel were mixing clay for the construction of a new wall, proving the strength of unity; boys dressed for the occasion were going to visit their grandfathers, and one little fellow, not so dressed, demonstrated the effect of overmuch rice.

City belles turned their backs or gathered their street veils, so their faces could not be seen, some of them riding in closed sedan chairs, while the other women carried their water buckets, all unconscious of their beauty. City dudes lounged in groves or rode their prancing chargers. Even at this early date (1890) Mr. Rockefeller had

secured a market for his coal oil in the hermit nation, and the regular water-carriers, who are men, profited by the tins the oil was shipped in.

A long procession of wood-cutters were coming to the city with their bullock loads of pine branches, while some used ponies, and others, too poor to own a beast of burden, carried huge loads on their back-racks.

Passing through the gates into the open country, we found things different. The bright young country lads were dressed in country garb, while the country belles hid their beauty under hats even more ultra than the 1910 American ladies' hats. The country gentleman sat contentedly on his porch with his much-loved long pipe. The coolies in the fields, strong, splendid-looking fellows, stopped and gazed at us, while the farmer plowed his ground and did it well, too. Others reaped their rice crops in gangs who sang in unison the weird choruses of the East. Community of labor has done much for Corea. It lessens the need of cash and exalts the workman above the wage. The men, and sometimes the women too, weed in gangs, plant their rice and other crops, also, in gangs, and work right merrily to a tune. The Coreans are the most tireless

of workers. Their custom of working in gangs is similar to the exchange of labor which prevailed in American farming districts during pioneer days, as illustrated, for example, by the logging-bee.

Myriads of game flocked fearlessly to the traveler's fowling-piece. Corea, in those days, could scarcely be called a sportsman's paradise, as there was no hunting to do. I have seen the water black for three miles with five varieties of ducks, and wild geese in such flocks as darkened the air when they rose in countless numbers from the "paddie-fields," while the Mongolian pheasant, Asiatic swan, wild turkey, red deer and stag were in abundance. Larger game, such as the wild boar, black bear, leopard and tiger could be found in plenty in the hills. No finer climate can be imagined than Corea affords during the Autumn season; the country was particularly interesting all along the way to Sorai, and we made the one hundred and sixty odd miles very pleasantly in six days.

As the quarters available in the village were very tiny — no room larger than seven feet square to be had — we decided to build a small house, but this could not be undertaken until the follow-

ing Spring, so we got along as well as we could in our cramped quarters.

Our two hosts, Mr. Ann and Mr. Saw, were intimate with each other, but being gentlemen, had adhered strictly to the custom of the country, and each had never spoken to the other's wife, though the wives were also intimate friends, and for years had visited in their respective homes. The Western teacher was, as yet, very ignorant of the Corean customs, and so insisted that the gentlemen bring their wives to meet the missionary and become acquainted themselves, if they were, as they professed to be, Christians. They acquiesced without much objection, and that night the two women, each about fifty years old, not only spoke to a white man for the first time, but for the first time in their lives spoke to a Corean gentleman other than a member of their individual households.

My friends in Toronto and Detroit had sent me a box, so I was prepared to do the honors. I do not remember what these Corean ladies thought of my rather elaborate "spread," but I shall never forget how thoroughly they enjoyed the fruit-cake, which was one of the richest I had ever tasted, for I was somewhat alarmed as to

the probable effect of the wholesale manner in which they partook of it. Years afterward, I learned the fact that their carrying off all that remained of the feast, that night, was, according to their custom, a compliment to me.

There was no organized work in the village; so I got a class of boys together, and, as one of my hostesses, Mrs. Ann, was the only woman in the village who could read, I was proud when she promised to teach the women and girls. I wanted to sing in Korean and get the people singing. This could not be done until the hymns were translated. I somewhat dreaded this task, as my vocabulary was so limited. But there came to my mind the thought contained in the wise saying of a friend, back in the homeland: "Is there anything you dread? Make it dread you," and I succeeded in translating the simple hymns "Jesus Loves Me" and "I Am So Glad" with little difficulty. But when I attempted Ogden's "Look and Live" my first real battle was on with Korean custom as expressed by Korean language. The sentence "Life is offered unto you" caused the trouble. There was no word in the Korean language for "offer" except the one used in connection with a servant offering some-

thing to his master or a subject making an offering to his king. "That will never do," said three or four of my Corean friends at once. "Why not?" I asked. "Why, it humbles the great and holy God to the position of a menial servant, and exalts worms of the dust like us to a high place." "But is not that the truth of the gospel?" "No, no, that cannot be so." "Ah, friends," said I, "you do err, not knowing the Scriptures." "But," persisted these children of the East, so pitifully uninstructed in the Word of Life, "no one 'offers' anything to another except a servant, or a subject to his king." "I quite understand, now, this custom of your country," I replied, "but God has said to us, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways'; and if His own word places Him in the position of a servant bringing to us eternal life, there is nothing for us to do but to humbly and gratefully accept His wondrous grace. Shall we follow the custom of your country or the teaching of the King of the Universe?" Still, with immovable obstinacy, they answered me, "It will never do to say that God takes the position of a servant. Quite impossible to believe."

Opening the Chinese Bible at Philippians ii, I

asked them to read verses 6-11 from the last words of verse 5, "Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Having previously given them Romans 6:23, 1. c. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," I hoped that they might grasp the marvelous truth of these Scriptures; but although they were professed Christians, subsequent history revealed them to be merely religious, and that Satan had blinded their minds lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ should shine unto them. Custom was more to them than the gospel, "the natural man" being the same the world over. I finally said, "Gentlemen, the Scriptures declare that the Son of God took upon Him the form of a servant and stands today stretching out two hands, as your servants do to their masters, 'offering' unto you eternal life as a free gift for your acceptance. You may not comprehend His love; you may spurn the gift, but do not ask me to deny the

great fact that the Lord of Glory still waits before us though we are but worms of the dust, as you have said; and once more I declare to you in His name and in the words of this hymn:

“Life is ‘offered’ unto you! Hallelujah!
God ‘offers’ it to you.”

This occasion gave me the glad privilege of adding to the Corean vocabulary the above joyous Hebrew exclamation, the existence for which there had never been any use until Christ was made known to them.

My practice of the language, in Sorai, was to give the Coreans a copy of the Chinese Bible, while I took the English Bible myself. By noting the number of chapters, I was able to distinguish one book from another, and got my teacher to write in my English Bible in the Corean syllabery, the name of each book. I next learned the words for chapter and verse. I had already learned the numerals. So, taking up an English-Chinese dictionary of the language, I found the word, for instance, for “atonement,” and asked the Coreans to turn to Leviticus 17:11, that together we might study the subject of the atonement. Their wonderful patience and the large dictionary, plus a little perseverance on my

part, enabled me to make them comprehend that the following verse contains the great secret of the atonement — “The Life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls.” They understood, I learned later, what a sacrifice meant, better than the American or Britisher, and the fact doubtless helped me. In this way we went from passage to passage searching out what God hath said about the atonement. When through with this subject, we took up another. Two months later, when I returned to Seoul, I found myself thinking in Corean. So truly was this the case that for several days, when speaking in English to a friend, I would think of the Corean word first and wonder what was its equivalent in English. Having been banished from English-speaking people, and having lived day and night among the Coreans who spoke no language but their own, in two short months the idiom, which is the backbone of any language, had been indelibly, though unconsciously, fixed in my mind, without cost or effort to myself, except a temporary lack of comfort and fellowship. The balance of my study, which still continues, is a mere adding of words to my vocabulary.

A few days after my return to the capital, I sat talking with the first and oldest Christian Corean, and was showing him my translation of the hymn "Life for a Look." I asked his opinion of it. He read it through verse by verse, saying, "Choso" (good), until, like the men of Sorai, he came to the word "offer." Then he, as they, stopped short and said that would never do — it was awful, it was putting God in the humiliating position of a servant. There followed practically the same prolonged discussion as had taken place in Sorai, when, reminding this beloved Corean brother that he had forgotten Philippians 2: 6-11, I asked him to look it up and read it. He did so, and after pondering for a while the wonderful truth of this passage, he said quietly, "Thank you, shepherd." Then followed a few moments of delightful communion, as the yellow man and the white man met together in Christ and talked of the amazing grace and condescension of our God. While conversing thus, a young man, the teacher of my host, who was a missionary, came in, and as all writings not hidden away are common property in Corea, he immediately began reading the hymn. Not a word of comment followed until he too reached the word

“offer.” Then, just as the others had done, he became greatly excited and indignant. I sat still and let the Korean brother answer him. The Testament still being open at Philippians ii, the older brother held it out to him and said, “Have you seen this?” In silence the young man read and as silently walked away. As he opened the door, he turned, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, “Choom poasso” (“I have seen it for the first time”). This emphasized experience with the hymn caused me to realize fully that I had already started over the hill of “custom” which was long and steep and difficult to climb.

CHAPTER IV

The Stupid Westerner Studies the Coreans and Learns They Really Know Something in the East

“**P**OONGSOK ” (custom), “yea ” (principles and practice), and “pop ” (unwritten law), these three; but the greatest of these is “pop.” All three are interwoven in the general and specific affairs of the people, and the terms are frequently interchangeable in their vocabulary. They are, in fact, usually grouped together by English-speaking people under the one word “custom.” This, however, I am persuaded, is a careless mistake on the part of the Coreans, as these three terms are capable of being distinctly classified.

“Poongsok ” means, literally, the customs of the country with regard to the ordinary doings of everyday life. It is a thing hoary with antiquity, and therefore sacred to the man of the East. For example, it is the custom in Corea to eat rice and wear yellow for mourning.

CHURCH OF CHRIST IN COREA 29

“Yea” would be placed in our Western category under the head of Constitution and By-laws—the distinctive difference being that in the East “yea” is unwritten, though it is none the less to be observed on that account. Because it is unwritten, it comes under the head of “the word of a gentleman.” “Yea” is a generally acknowledged, voluntary adherence to certain fixed forms, with almost never a departure from this, on the part of man, woman or child.

“Pop” has to do with all legal procedures and transactions, great or small, from the price you pay a coolie for carrying your baggage, to the life or death of a criminal. “Pop” is the strongest word in the Korean language. To say it is the “pop” of your country, or the “pop” of your house, is to put an end to all controversy. And the exclamation “What kind of a ‘pop’ is that?” or “Whoever heard tell of a ‘pop’ like that!” is one of the most scathing things one man can say to another. Corea is not a country of bonds and agreements. Apart from deeds of freehold property and cash notes and marriage settlements, there are few agreements in writing. It is a land where in regard to anything pertaining to “pop” the phrase “His word is as good

as his bond" has a chance to prevail. This phrase refers to business, while the similar phrase used in relation to "yea" in a previous paragraph refers to etiquette. There is no word for "business," however, in the Korean language; hence, all business transactions come under this unwritten "pop" code. A deed is not to bind the man who sells, but a voucher given to the buyer that he is honest. A cash note is to enable the receiver to use it in advance of the cash to settle a claim against himself and save his "face"; while a marriage certificate is not for the wife's benefit, nor because the bride's father is to be doubted, but that the bridegroom may have something to show to the world that he is not a rascal—a "face-saver" for him. It is issued by the bride's parents and the go-between.

There has never been a written code of laws in Korea until within the last two years.

In "pop," as in "poongsok" and "yea," "face" reigns. "Face" is the exact opposite of the Golden Rule. In the language of David Harum, it is "Do to others as they do to you and do it fust." "Face" is the A to Z of the ethics of the Orient. If you add to "face" the custom of the Samurai (the Japanese nobility) of committing

“harikiri” (suicide) you have the philosophy of Japan. Whenever one fails to accomplish any important thing he undertakes, he has lost his “face,” or so-called Japanese honor, and can only regain it by committing suicide. This is the secret of Japan’s boasted bravery. It is not bravery at all as we understand bravery — it is religion with him, the brass rule of which is “face.” What I have written will give the reader an idea how steep and high is this hill of custom.

Not having been described in the writings of the people, it is peculiarly illusive to the white man of the Western world. We are in the habit of meaning what we say, and of admiring the man who can express himself most directly, yet courteously. Asiatics are in the habit of “beating around the bush”; of not meaning what they say, always fearful that they will say something which will lose their “face,” and of admiring the man who will, with the greatest courtesy, steal the other fellow’s “face” and save his own. The Confucianist points with great admiration and glee to his master’s skill in this direction. It is stated that on one occasion it became a question of great diplomacy between Confucius and a high official as to which should give the other “face,”

and call first. It ended by the official paying "face" to the great sage. He was very courteously received and treated. When he left, however, ordinarily he would have been accompanied to the front gate and perhaps escorted a little distance on his way. Confucius was bent on stealing the official's "face." So he said good-bye in the audience hall, and quickly seizing a stringed instrument began to play, thus showing in a clever way his contempt for the official, and very neatly stealing his "face." A Westerner might easily have misunderstood this act of Confucius, and might have been flattered by what seemed to be an effort on the part of the great man to entertain his departing guest.

Leaving Seoul the following Spring, I returned to Sorai, carrying a hamper for the Summer's supply, also some garden seeds sent me by my Detroit brother, and cuttings from the gardens of American residents in the Capital, including several varieties of fruits and flowers. We soon had a flourishing vegetable garden near the selected house site. After our little house was built, we got a dozen or more bull-carts and hauled earth from two miles out on the plain, which we piled three feet deep on the bare rock



THE TRYSTING GROVE WHERE PRAYER WAS MADE.

in front of the door. When this was surrounded by a stone wall we had an ideal place for a flower garden, which we quickly planted, and had the satisfaction of seeing it thrive amazingly.

Not so with the spiritual garden.

With the exception of Mrs. Ann, the place seemed devoid of all spiritual life. A number came on Sunday to church, 't is true, but, like some we have seen in other countries, church attendance seemed to be the beginning and the end of their experience. Satan befools a great many people by making them religious, and so lures them on to destruction. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Christianity is not a religion. It is a Person — the Christ — who is all in all. My loneliness drove me to the solitude of a beautiful grove near by, which was one of the regular groves attached to all villages for the sacrifice to and worship of demons. There I told my Lord all my sorrow, and pleaded that this lovely spot might be taken from Satan and given to Him.

While the vegetable garden was being made, it shocked the people a bit to see a Western teacher take off his coat and work. According to Eastern ideas, a teacher or gentleman must never on any

account labor with his hands. It almost makes one wonder if the classes in the West did not borrow their exclusive notions from the heathen. Out of a crowd of fifty or more, only three of us worked — two hired Coreans and myself. The soil was good but freely mixed with small stones, and had never been loosened deep enough to make a mulch that would stand a drouth. So we dug it fourteen inches deep and threw out all the stones. Then we gave it proper fertilization. I had my first experience of Corean conservatism later in the Autumn. Although my Corean acquaintances admired and praised the splendid growth of the large crop of vegetables in my garden, which contained the best Western varieties, when I asked them to let me order seed for them, I learned to my chagrin that away down in their hearts they considered our products very inferior to their own, and when urged, they plainly told me they wouldn't give the seed garden-room though I bought it and gave it to them.

Ungrateful, slow, stupid people! you say. Not so. It was I, the Westerner, who was stupid. For I learned later that the beans, for instance, which they refused to replace with Western seed,

were the "soy" variety, since become famous in America, then unknown in the West, and now regarded by experts the richest cereal on earth, to say nothing of the value of the plant for making hay richer than alfalfa.

The Coreans taught me in many ways that we of the West do not know everything; and the Easterner usually has a good practical reason for what he does, generally well adapted to his circumstances and always economical. This fact was well illustrated during the Russo-Japan war, when the Japanese army put up horse stables in a few moments — our Western reporters looking on in open-eyed amazement — and put up bridges almost while they walked over them. Their strong rice-straw rope, which we would scorn to use for any purpose, was the secret. I have yet to meet a Corean of any rank who could not make straw rope. For any man or boy to be unable to do so is considered one of the greatest disgraces of the country. Custom again!

In Japan it is the same. The knowledge and practice of the Japanese soldiers from their youth, of tying anything and everything together with straw rope instead of using nails and bolts, as we do, simplified matters for the army. A rice-field

or a farmer's stack furnished material for the rope, a grove or lumber pile produced the poles, while the reed mats, to be had everywhere in Asiatic countries, supplied the roofing for soldiers' quarters and horse stables. And the quick multiplication of these made the wonder picture, with the proverbial few strokes of the artists, for our "tender-foot" newspaper men.

After leaving Sorai at this, the second time, it was decided to open up work on the east coast of Corea, at Wonsan, where as yet no Protestant mission was located. This undertaking and a visit to the homeland intervened, filling six years of time, before I could again see the village of my first work in Corea.

During the interim, Mr. McKenzie of Nova Scotia had gone there and occupied the house for about a year, and had, I trust, found the garden very useful and homelike. The "Tong Haks" (Eastern Doctrine Society), a weird band of Coreans not unlike the Boxers of China, having taken advantage of the opportunity created by the China-Japan war, were, at this time, making themselves obnoxious to the people in the Sorai district. This circumstance proved God's opportunity, and Mr. McKenzie was brought into



MR. FENWICK'S HOUSE IN SORAI, WHERE
MR. McKENZIE LIVED AND DIED.



MR. McKENZIE'S GRAVE.

such tender favor with the people that they brought their goods to him for safe-keeping, piling them around his house, over which he ran up a British flag and another of his own designing — a red cross in a white background. This has since been known throughout Corea as the flag of the Christian Church. Several times word came that the “Tong Haks” were coming to kill Mr. McKenzie and massacre the village that had sheltered him. Bravely and wisely, however, he finally visited their camp, and by means of a quiet good-natured talk with these outlaws he dispelled their ill-feeling toward the white man and his mission. The property entrusted to the missionary was saved, and Mr. McKenzie could have anything he wanted in Sorai section within the gift of a grateful people. After this, Mr. McKenzie was taken ill with the deadly Corean fever, one hundred and sixty miles from the nearest white people, and triumphantly passed to his reward.

He used to say he was only doing a little weeding — that others had been there and planted the seed, and he was only cultivating the field. His herculean body never rested, the people said. He just went from village to village and was good to

everybody. When he fell asleep, the people for many miles around mourned for him, and buried him with the greatest honors. Noble man! He did not live to see his prayers answered or his devotion rewarded, but we who remain have seen God's abundant response to his sacrifice.

CHAPTER V

*Two Types: "Then I Will Go to Hell with
My Ancestors"; "God Has Had
Mercy on this Sinner"*

THE Spring following Mr. McKenzie's death, I returned from America to Wonsan. It was the time of the Russo-Japan war, and Japanese pickets guarded their settlement in Wonsan, which I was obliged to pass through to reach my place. The steamer I arrived on being loaded with ammunition for the army, remained three miles out from the landing. At three o'clock in the morning I got off with the mail boat, and, thanks to an acquaintance with the mail clerk, got into the city without being shot. It was more difficult to get past the sentry going out of the settlement; but an explanation in the Japanese language that I was a resident of Wonsan caused them to lower the rifles they had so promptly cocked when they called "Halt!" and to let me pass. It was intensely dark. After

feeling my way around the orchard to see how large the trees had grown which I had planted before leaving for home, I went to a missionary friend's house, and calling to him in the Corean language was taken for a Russian. No amount of pleading in the Corean tongue would gain admittance for the tall man wearing a Tennyson overcoat, but when I said in English, "Oh, come along and open the gate," about thirty seconds sufficed to receive me into the bosom of the family, where my little friends peeped out of cradles and cribs, and one little cherub I had not hitherto seen was put into my arms by the proud mother.

Though naturally anxious to see Sorai again, it was impossible to go before Winter. The snow usually comes about Christmas time in Wonsan, and it was necessary to get to the other side of the mountains before it fell, or nothing save snow-shoes would suffice to cross. The Coreans use a round snow-shoe about one foot in diameter, made of a five-eighths inch bent withe, laced with deer thongs. To avoid the hardship of climbing steep mountain passes through deep snow, the lesser hardship of declining Christmas dinners in Wonsan became necessary. The twenty-fifth of December found me in the hills, greeted by the fast

falling snow-flakes, with my faithful "boy," as personal attendants are called in the East. We were a bit lonely, I expect, but when we reached a village in the mountains, where hitherto the name of Jesus had not been proclaimed, and two men turned from idols to serve the living God and to wait for His Son from Heaven, we had a Christmas feast in the company of the redeemed that angels coveted.

A long *détour* to the northwest and down the Yellow Sea shore brought us to a standstill sixty miles from Sorai. Pony's hind legs began to "wobble," and finally he could not go another step. Too much millet straw will kill a horse, while cows thrive splendidly upon it. An appeal to the village, where our horse's strength failed, brought, as it always does in Corea, that ready hospitality to the stranger which reminds us of the Arab whose blood is supposed to be in Korean veins. The best house was immediately placed at our disposal, and also, what is a rare find in that country, a comfortable stable for our broken-down steed. Three days' delay gave us a splendid opportunity to give to this village the story of redeeming love. On the third day our host said, "Do you mean to tell me that there is no other

name given among men whereby we must be saved?" I replied, "That is what God declares," and showed him Acts 4:12. "Then what is to become of those who never heard of this Jesus whom you preach?" God help me! I could only quote, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "But what does God say of those who never heard of Him, even?" I quoted from Romans ii, and after his further insistence I quoted Psalms 9:17, and left him to decide whether they were wicked or not. Then he stormed, "My ancestors died without believing in Jesus—never heard of Him. If they have gone to hell, I will go with them." I leave the reader to imagine my feelings.

Pony could walk again, and another day's journey brought us to the divide separating us from Sorai. To cross the divide meant a journey of ten miles; to walk around by way of the seashore was thirty miles. "No man can get through the snow," the villagers said. "But I'm a Canadian and used to snow," I replied. "Can't be done," was their stolid answer. A short climb through the deep snow and we struck a wood-cutter's trail, where the Winter's supply of fuel is skidded down the hills on a sleigh not unlike the Red In-

dians' drag. When near the top of the beautiful pass, where rocks and evergreens, snow and rushing torrent combined to make a scene of rare loveliness, we met a little boy carrying a foreign hand-satchel. Wondering whose this could be, we inquired and found it belonged to the son of a magistrate of my acquaintance. When he came up, we learned that the people of Sorai were all well and that Mr. Ann and Mr. Saw were behind him. Climbing on top of a huge boulder, I discovered my two friends just coming over the ridge. I shouted, "Who goes there?" and catching sight of me they came tumbling down pell-mell through the snow and took me in their arms. Their bright faces told their story. Mr. Saw's first word was, "Since you were here God has had mercy on this sinner," smiting his breast, "and pardoned my sins; and on that sinner," pointing to Mr. Ann, "and pardoned his sins, and our whole village has been brought to Christ."

Mr. Ann having to go on to the magistracy, he made Mr. Saw, who returned with me, promise to take me in to see Mrs. Ann. "Because you know," said he, "she has prayed so longingly for six years that the Father would send her teacher

back." When we reached her home Mr. Saw called to her. She came feebly into the court, for she was an invalid, leaning heavily on her staff. Seeing me, she came forward, and, taking my hands, looked heavenward, saying, "Now lettest Thou Thine handmaid depart in peace, since Thou hast heard my prayer and sent back my teacher." I have often thought of this scene, and am always sure that it was plenty reward for any cost which the winning of such a jewel for the Master's diadem had entailed.

Passing on to the lower village, I caught sight of the grove where prayer had been made that the worship of demons, to which it was dedicated, might be stopped and the grove be given over to the worship of Him whom demons hate. There, in front of its stately trees, I saw a beautiful tiled church erected by the redeemed village, and at prayer-meeting that night I had the unspeakable joy of leading three hundred brothers and sisters in Christ in prayer and praise. Two weeks of Bible study followed, consisting of morning and afternoon sessions with the men, and evening sessions with the women in Mrs. Ann's home, Mrs. Ann herself having been largely influential in winning these women to Christ.



THERE STOOD A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH BUILT
BY THE REDEEMED VILLAGE, WHERE
ONCE DEMONS WERE WORSHIPPED.

About the twelfth day I took one of my old friends aside and said to him, "Do you realize that God is not working in our meetings? There is not one particle of unction so far as I can discover. Now, there can be only one reason. No number of sinners, no matter how vile, can hinder the Holy Spirit's working, but it only takes two believers hating one another to stop Him. Now tell me, who among the believers here are hating one another? He broke down and cried, telling me a pitiful story (all such stories are pitiful) of how he and two others were hating one another. When asked if he would ask God's forgiveness and then go and ask theirs, he said he would. We knelt in prayer while he got right with God, and then he started out to make it right with his brothers. One of these was shoeing my pony. It was delightful to see my friend's efforts to help him, by handing tools, holding the horse's foot, etc. When opportunity afforded, he confessed his fault of not loving these two brothers to both of them, and the next day, being Sunday, the break came, when three hundred disciples broke down and wept before the Lord as one of their restored number addressed them.

Telling a brother missionary, the Rev. A. P. Appenzeller, of this scene a few days later, he said with a great heartache, "Brother, I would walk a thousand miles to see one Corean weeping like that for sin. I have not yet seen one."

The people begged me to remain and be their pastor, offering to pay me a salary, build me a larger house, provide me with servants, and work with me for the salvation of the lost. But during my absence another mission had assumed responsibility for this work, and it has been one long regret that fear of a complication was greater in me at that time than willingness to walk into an open door with God.

Fourteen years later, as I write, I am convinced that had I obeyed God's call at that time, instead of heeding conventionalities, a mighty work of grace would have started in the land by this people prepared of the Lord. Peace may sometimes be purchased at too high a price.

When the time came to go, the people refused to let me go alone but outfitted and sent their choicest young man with me to be trained for the ministry, besides giving me a comfortable

purse for publishing tracts, and accompanied me ten miles on my return journey.

The two following Sundays were spent speaking of the love that never faileth to my brother missionaries in the capital, and renewing old and delightful acquaintances.

CHAPTER VI

The Enormous Task of Understanding the People

STUDENTS from the West, whose lot is cast in Corea, would like to know who the Coreans are, and what is their origin. We do not know. There is some evidence to show that they are of Mongolian origin, with a sprinkling of Arab blood, but not enough to be sure. The Arabs traded in Corea between the seventh and ninth centuries, and seem to have left some of their customs behind them. Falconing, as practiced by the Arabs, even the training of birds and their selection, is exactly the same as in Corea. The wonderful hospitality of the Coreans is akin to that of the sons of Ishmael.

Their appearance differs from the Chinese, and is totally different from the Japanese, as they are much larger in stature than the Japanese, better developed physically, stronger intellectually, and without any trace of the cruel Malay blood which abounds in the latter. The Corean is shrewd, with

an intellect capable of acquiring almost any lesson set him; inventive, a hard worker, able to endure an almost superhuman amount of toil and hardship, with a vigor akin to the animals of the wild, which, being the fittest, have survived. A Korean does not count his children until they have had the smallpox. Their ethics are largely based on those of Confucius, and it is a fact, which in all fairness must be stated, that apart from Christ the civilization of China and Corea has done more, very much more, for the peace and happiness of the race as a whole, than the civilization of the West. Slow hand labor has done more for mankind than get-rich-quick machinery. It is, in my opinion, very far from desirable that the East should have the civilization of the West. A bow and arrow in the hands of a savage will do less harm than a "civilized," "up-to-date," automatic, repeating rifle. The breach-loading cannons Admiral Rogers found in Corea in 1872, being made of wood, were not as effective as our muzzle-loading, metal cannons, therefore the Coreans were driven from their fort. A sleepy, slow man of the East may not be able to kill as many men made in God's image, with his old jingal, as a wide-awake Amer-

ican with his gatling gun, or a German with his Krupp; but the advantage to the "awakened" Easterner is doubtful. So-called "progress" may make a "diamond match" in a very interesting and unique way by machinery, but it is to be questioned whether the sulphurous fumes of the modern match factory are in advance of the fire in the open, where primitive man made shavings on a stick which he dipped in a little sulphur for lighting fires. Flint-striking and stick-rubbing had their advantages too. There were, at least, no quarrels in those days between capital and labor, and work, good honest work, has always tended to happiness. But it is not so much a study of the natural ability of the Oriental which is difficult; the difficult thing is to acquire a working knowledge of his process of thinking; to learn, unmistakably, his opinion of the barbarian from the West, who dares to presume to teach a mighty yellow man. While treating you with every mark of courtesy, and even smiling, perhaps bowing, too, his inner attitude is one of disgust, of despising, of loathing the white man. He says to himself, "The white man is rude; he is arrogant; he does not know how to efface himself; he smells of soap." And in comparison with the Oriental,

this is all true of the Occidental. The Westerner is in too big a hurry to be courteous. They of the East take time. The life-long study of the Oriental has been how he may efface himself when meeting or dealing with another. That can scarcely be said of the sons of Japheth. The Orientals say that the odor of soap which we have is very offensive to them. Their dress is sensible, picturesque, artistic, economical and comfortable. Ours is none of these. It has the one recommendation of permitting the wearer to move more quickly, and fits well on a people everlastingly in a hurry.

This chapter can only point out another enormous hill for the Westerner to climb, if he would successfully make his way in the East. It does not pretend to analyze the difficulties of this hill, a hill bigger, much bigger, than the "language" hill, steeper and harder to climb than the "custom" hill. If it points to the fact that more than an alpenstock is needed to climb this mountain which lies directly across the path of the man of the West who would succeed in the East, its place in this book will not be wasted. Beyond this hill lie rivers, lakes, seas and oceans to cross, and the swimming is good.

CHAPTER VII

The Foolishness of Preaching

IT is, of course, taken for granted that a missionary is a new man in Christ Jesus, wise unto salvation, with a fair working knowledge of the Bible and a passion for souls. When he has crossed the three hills of Language, Custom and People, he is usually considered ready for his work. He has then arrived at the stream of preaching the gospel. It is not meant to convey the idea that no souls are won before these three hills are crossed. My first fish, I was permitted to catch long before I had crossed the language hill. But when a missionary gets a working knowledge of language, custom and people, he is supposed to be qualified for preaching. Successful preachers have found it necessary to have an atmosphere created in which to speak their message.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman claims that Mr. Alexander does this for him with the Gospel Songs. The

people are sung into a willingness to hear the message. Now, what is to be done with the crowd before us? Race antipathy, which is in us all, I think, is most deeply seated in the Easterner. Not only the things already mentioned, but the hoary antiquity of their genealogy, their ignorance of the things beyond their shores, and the strangeness of your message combined with that natural hostility to a man of another race, — all these are busy working against the white teacher. It is true that He whom we preach unto them is able to overcome all obstacles. When Cornelius did not know what to do, our Lord sent a messenger all the way from Heaven to tell him how he could hear the “words whereby he should be saved.” God’s arm was not shortened then, and is not now. He would surely repeat this if necessary, but seeing we have no record of His having done so since Cornelius was favored, it behooves us to find out His method of working now. Paul explains God’s present method by saying, “It pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.”

So we have arrived at our first river.

How are we going to get across? There is no modern ferryboat and no steel cantilever bridge.

We must get across by "the foolishness of preaching." I shall never forget how hard I tried to cross. Sunday after Sunday, month after month, I labored and pleaded, and testified in tears to the love of God in Christ, and to the peace Jesus brought to my soul, when, having washed my sins in His precious blood, He came, Himself, to abide with me and take charge of all my small affairs.

The people laughed at me, and said that was all well enough for me, a Westerner, but they were Coreans. In vain I pleaded that Jesus would do as much for them. That was the very thing they did not want. They would rather be like the meanest Corean alive than like me. And if this Jesus I talked so much about was likely to make them into such a being as this white barbarian before them, the best thing they could do was to have nothing whatever to do with Jesus.

I shall never forget, therefore, with what gladness I met a Corean believer from the place where I had formerly lived. "Mr. Kim," I eagerly said, "you are coming to my place to-morrow to tell the people what great things the Lord has done for you. I have told them, and told them again and again what Jesus has done for me, but they just laugh. You come and tell them what He has done

for you." Mr. Kim promised, and the next day appeared. When called upon, he opened his Chinese New Testament and laid his hand lovingly upon it, saying: "Elder Brothers, this is God's word. Believe it. It is not like man's words. This is written by the Holy Spirit of God. I presume you are much like I was when I first read this Holy Book. My teacher (Rev. F. Ohlinger) told me I could not understand this with my reason; that the Holy Spirit who made the Book would have to teach me, and that He would do so if I asked God for Jesus' sake. So I commenced to pray and read. Had anyone told me that I was a sinner, I would have fought him. It is true, I did not get drunk, or steal, or commit adultery. After reading this Book for a while, I began to have a strange feeling of uneasiness and unhappiness, which I could not account for. It occurred to me that perhaps I had better pray harder and read more. I did so, but the uneasiness increased. I began to believe myself a great sinner, and was very unhappy. One day while praying, the heaviness of spirit all left me, and I was made happy, with a satisfied sense that God had forgiven all my sins for His only Son's sake."

I saw how this testimony gripped the people as mine never had done; just as the testimonies of redeemed outcasts and drunkards in the rescue missions of Western lands take hold of the poor fellow who is "down and out" when the message of an up-town man fails to touch him. Even as many miserable men have believed "Teddy Mercer" because he has "played the game," so these Korean sinners listened that day to Mr. Kim, because he too was a Korean sinner like themselves, and God had saved him and comforted him and made him happy.

Strange to say, however, I did not then realize that I should have such native Christians to do the preaching, largely, for me. I was in the stream, breasting the current, frantically trying to swim across. When one stroke failed I tried another, until, like many another swimmer, I grew weary and discouraged. That was nineteen years ago. Had I known then what I know now, I had gone shoeless and coatless, if need be, to pay that man the paltry sum of five dollars a month, to enable him to live and to spend his whole time at "the foolishness of preaching." But so blind was I, so enamored with the white man's efficiency over the yellow man's, that even an experience like

this did not humble my proud heart, and I continued trying to swim.

In 1893 I returned to my native land, where God gave me a three years' course in waiting. I then became fascinated with the popular idea of taking out a lot of white missionaries to Corea, like other missions were doing, and in our Principles and Practice I rather insisted upon inserting a clause which would debar the native believer from employment as a preacher, for fear he would preach false doctrine. While home, I had been greatly blessed spiritually, and wished to get back and try again. At length I was permitted to go. The first service, held a day or two after I arrived, seven people professed faith in Christ. I thought then they were saved. I know now that they were not. Not one of them continued in the faith, much less "made good" as soldiers of Jesus Christ. Soon I had a crowd together again, and I preached and preached, and pleaded and pleaded. Plenty of them made professions, but like the sow that was washed, they immediately went again to wallow in the mire. A few years of this heart-breaking work, and it began to dawn upon me that something had to be done. About this time some American missionaries who had come to

Corea in another mission after my visit among them in America, and had become dissatisfied, had returned home, and the director of the mission turned the property over to me. At this same time, a little man, wearing an unclean suit of yellow mourning, had come to Christ, and witnessed a good confession. I decided to put him in charge of this work. This place was three hundred miles from where I lived, and to send a Corean that far away to take charge of a work looked like trying to swim across a good-sized lake. I had not yet learned that Jesus is truly the Good Shepherd of His own, even though they should be three hundred miles away from the under shepherd.

CHAPTER VIII

Native Sons Sent Out to do the Work

IT was with many misgivings that this man was sent to a field so far from our immediate supervision. It was all the more difficult because he had not had much teaching and could not be said to be well grounded in "the faith." He had stood the test of being separated from his father and older brother, who had turned him out of the old home when they learned of his allegiance to Christ. His mother and wife claved to him. I saw the letter in which they declared that his Saviour should be their Saviour and his God their God. This man, Mr. Sen, had come into our Sunday service dressed in the yellow mourning of Corea. The prescribed three years' mourning for an ancestor was completed, and he was on his way home after performing the last sacrificial rites at the grave. The rougher the garment, the more tattered it became, the better the mourning. Mr. Sen must have done his task

well, as he was certainly a pitiful-looking object as he knelt with us in prayer and "passed out of death into life"; exchanging his yellow garments of devil worship for the spotless white linen garments of the righteousness of Christ — that spotless robe woven throughout with the threads of the perfect life He lived as a man, Who, in our body of humiliation, conquered, one by one, fallen man's foes. "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice unto demons and not to God."

Wonderful Saviour! Marvelous grace that will take a man from sacrificing to demons — wearing the filthy garments of his unholy office — cleanse by the blood, sever by the cross, wash by the Word, and give such a vision of His glory and beauty as will charm from sin and draw out the affections in adoring love and gratitude, causing the enraptured "found one" to offer his body, in gladness, without fear, a living sacrifice unto God. This, Mr. Sen did, with the simplicity of a little child. About ten days after he found Christ he knelt down and told his Lord he could not manage his life; that he wished to give it to Him, and asked would He please manage it for him.

The reader may wonder at my timidity in send-

ing a man with such an experience of grace, even any distance from home. I would not excuse myself further than this: It was a long cry back to Antioch, where the Holy Ghost said unto the fasting and praying church, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," and I had not learned to obey. Such a simple thing as God using a man as a master workman uses a tool, and that man the very man He had prepared for that particular work, had never grappled me. I suppose we are liable to be timid about the man we send to lay a foundation. The apostles at Jerusalem were very chary of welcoming Paul, and God had to send to them "the Son of Consolation," before they would extend to him whom God had educated and called to be the apostle of the Gentiles the right hand of fellowship.

Furthermore, I, as they, was still under the influence of the Levitical priesthood of Aaron, who ministered the law *formally*, and was vastly ignorant of the Melchizedec priesthood of the King of Peace, who ministered grace *informally*. Even John Wesley's practice of using the men God had called and set His seal of approval upon was too far distant to be seen by my traditionally blinded

eyes. Strange that I should not have remembered such men of our own day as the late S. H. Hadley and others.

However, it was this man or none, and God wrung from me a very unwilling and doubting consent to "separate" Mr. Sen for the work whereunto He "had called him."



MRS. FENWICK TEACHING A SPECIAL CLASS OF WOMEN AND GIRLS,

CHAPTER IX

One More Hard Lesson

MR. SEN did nobly and required very little supervision. It is true, my longer experience as a Christian, my greater familiarity with the contents of the Scriptures, and my greater experience in handling men, made my advice helpful to him, and he never wearied in asking for it. If I had any difficulty with him, it was rather one of getting him to assume leadership at all than of his assuming too much.

My eyes being still holden, that I could not see, the traditional idea of teaching and training likely young men for the ministry loomed up before me. Three of our young men at this time, living lives of carelessness and worldliness, decided Mrs. Fenwick and me to commence a Bible school, to train young men for the ministry. The fact that we were in embarrassing circum-

stances, and had neither building nor money with which to undertake such a work, might have providentially spoken to us, had we been wise. Our zeal, however, spoke emphatically, and tradition said it was the thing to do. So we started our school with an assistant teacher and four boys. Determined not to make impractical men of them, nor to allow the traditions of Corea to find lodgment in their minds as to the indignity of a scholar working with his hands, we kept them busy half the day on our small farm, and studying the other half. Another safeguard was to avoid giving them the "big head" over an education that would be extra in some particulars. We decided to confine their studies principally to the Bible and "The three R's," and to do this in the Eastern, rather than the Western, way. Our plan of teaching the Scriptures was to have them read a portion over as many times, at least, as was necessary to enable them, freely, to get the gist of its contents. This required reading twenty, twenty-five or thirty times, according to the ability and memory of the boys. In this way we took them through the Pentateuch. The spiritual meaning of the types of Christ was not told to them. Rather they were told to go to God in

prayer for the meaning of each type, leaning on the promise that "The anointing ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the anointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as He hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him. 1 John 2:27." They were told that our beloved friend, the late A. J. Gordon, had said: "The types in Scripture are as capable of demonstration as any proposition in Euclid. For this reason, the higher critics have never dared touch them." They were told that whenever an interpretation was not as plain as twice two are four, they could rest assured the Holy Spirit had not given it. On examination days, the students varied, as all students will. I remember, particularly, one examination on "The Passover" (Exodus xiii) that was interesting. The first boy gave an accurate interpretation, in a straightforward, manly fashion. He was asked to preach the gospel to his teacher, as though the teacher knew nothing of it, and was an inquirer, wishing to know if it was true that God forgave men's sins. The second boy did only fairly well, and the third boy was absolutely wrong, showing clearly that he did not yet know the gospel. He said:

“If you want to get your sins forgiven, the thing for you to do is to quit all your wickedness and trust in Jesus, and little by little you will become a believer.” Turning to the first boy, the teacher asked if this was true. “No,” said he, “it’s all a lie.” He was asked to explain. “It is this way,” said he: “In Egypt, that night, there were a lot of people, doubtless, among their oldest sons, who would be considered good men, while in Israel there were, doubtless, many bad men, among their first-born. Neither the goodness of the so-called good men nor the wickedness of the so-called bad men had anything to do with those who were saved that night. There was one thing, and one thing only, that counted—the presence or absence of the blood on the doors, as God had commanded. Without the blood, the ‘good’ were destroyed, while its presence made the worst man in the land secure. Some would, doubtless, rest composedly under the sheltering blood in full assurance of faith; others, doubtless, trembled. Each was equally safe.” This young man was told that he might begin preaching the gospel, and he was sent out continually during the balance of his four years’ course. The others were sent, as they could be trusted, to the



PASTOR SEN AND FAMILY IN FRONT OF
OLD HOUSE. Page 71.

churches in the surrounding country, to tell out what God had taught them.

At this time, we had the great pleasure and helpfulness of a visit from an old friend, Dr. R. P. McKay, Secretary of the Canadian Presbyterian Foreign Mission Work. He was greatly pleased with the boys' progress and with the method of training adopted. Our friend, Rev. Duncan McDock McRae of Hamhung, Corea, after several times meeting the boys, and listening to some of the lectures given them on the practical things of everyday living, was also greatly pleased with the method pursued, and encouraged us much by his kindly words of commendation, as did others.

We believed that we were on the right road, and were taking all the precautions we could think of to safeguard the boys and give them the best possible opportunities to grow up able ministers of the New Covenant of Grace. Occasionally we heard distant rumblings of their being self-opinionated and of posing as knowing more than older Christians in the church, but this we attributed to jealousy. The results are as follows:

The brilliant assistant teacher acquired enough

knowledge to make him easily a leader among his people. He went out into the world and used his knowledge to win dollars. The first and second boys, after four years' training, were persuaded by a Seventh Day Adventist missionary that they would be lost if they did not obey the command to keep the seventh day, and they were also persuaded to accept from him comfortable salaries, with a promise of more. The younger boy ran away because we would n't teach him English, while the fourth early grew tired and went to the bad.

Even unbelieving Coreans in the city condemned unsparingly the boys who had received teaching and help from us four years, gratis, and then left us when they reached the age of usefulness. Coreans do not talk much to the foreigner about a countryman while he remains with the foreigner. After these young men left us, however, it became fairly easy to learn that the close contact with the white man had unfitted these men for wielding a potent influence over their countrymen.

This was one more hard lesson. Our pillows had to be repeatedly soaked with tears, and more than one Demas had to break our hearts, by "for-

saking " us, e'er we could realize that, even here, the foreigner from another land was not the best instrument to do the needed work. The next chapter will show the splendid success of Pastor Sen with the task at which we, so hopelessly, failed.

CHAPTER X

The Splendid Success of the Native Pastor where I Had So Hopelessly Failed

THE first thing Mr. Sen did, after being placed in charge of the new district, mentioned as being three hundred miles away from our home, was to attach to himself a young man who had been possessed of demons, and freed by God, through him. This lad's parents, who were very gentle folks, of comfortable means, belonging to a good family, had entered God's household by the new birth, and had turned their young son, who was fourteen years old, over to Mr. Sen to be his disciple.

After a transaction of this kind in Corea, the teacher supersedes the parent in all matters pertaining to the process of "making a man," as they call it, out of the disciple.

Jesus, having become the divider in Mr. Sen's family, separating father and son, brother and brother, husband and wife, the wife went to her

people, while Mr. Sen and his old mother, who belonged to a family of rank, went and lived in a little room six feet square. Into this he took his young disciple, Pansoonie. Later, the family was moved into the center of the work, and again their house was a little hut, with mud walls and thatched roof, six feet square, and a veranda three feet wide, with a few poles leaned up at one end and covered with straw for a kitchen. It was painful for a Westerner to see Mr. Sen's wife (now returned to him) and children and mother living in such squalor—and I have never seen greater affection between mother and son than exists between Mr. Sen and his mother—so I managed to send him fifty dollars to fix up his house a little. The next time I went down, I found them living in the same pitiful way. Naturally, I questioned him about it, and he evaded my questions. So I asked others, and found that the devoted little man had used the money to send out preachers to the surrounding villages. When asked why he did this, inasmuch as the money was specifically given to fix up his house, he said: "Oh, I could n't use it on myself, Pastor, when so many all around us are dying, without any knowledge of Christ." I began questioning

closely our assistants and Mr. Sen's students, and learned how that devoted man and family and students (for he soon had a number of pupils around him) had lived on thin soup, in order that he might send out messengers of the Cross to the perishing.

Such devotion as this could not fail to be rewarded by Him who is no respecter of persons. Mr. Sen soon had *a dozen churches* started, which he visited regularly, riding on his little donkey, accompanied by a number of his students, who, Eastern fashion, ran alongside.

In this way, the students got physical, spiritual and practical instruction at the same time. Not in our Western way, it is true, but in the Eastern way, which is far better for the Easterner, as it does not rub the beautiful bloom, courtesy, off the ripening fruit. When persecuted, as he soon was, and sorely pressed, Mr. Sen gathered his students around him and "prayed through," until his enemies were made to be at peace with him. One such incident as this would be a life lesson to the students. And the tempter could not persuade them, in such a case, that it was the fear of the white man. There was no white man around and God received the glory.



PASTOR SEN OFF TO VISIT HIS CHURCHES.

We naturally feel better since Mr. Sen and his family are now housed in a comfortable new building, put up by himself, costing one hundred and twenty dollars. How the little man managed to encompass his work has always been a mystery. Every time the students were examined, their progress seemed marvelous. It has been frequently said that Mr. Sen was doing the work of five white men, yet everything seemed to be prospering. His churches were models for reverence and propriety. They were all trained in the respectful code of the East, and could take no advantage of their dainty little countryman who trained them.

With object lessons of this kind before me every time the work was visited, little by little my proud heart began to realize that, after all, there might be some good in Eastern civilization, until the thought grew upon me that, even in method, the East was more like the Bible than the West.

Our simple method of evangelizing as thoroughly as possible the several districts which we have been enabled to enter, is to open a Bible Room, stock it with Bibles and "Portions," and place in charge of it a man of some experience, who also acts as leader of that district. He is usually

given from ten to twenty evangelists, according to the need of the field and the condition of our treasury. Thus far we have not been able to put one man in each county. Each of these evangelists receives a load of Scriptures for his pack — all he can sell in one month — and goes out to his county, where he visits every town and village, taking care not to miss a house, and, as far as possible, reaches every human being, giving a full presentation of the gospel, with an earnest, often tearful plea for its acceptance. If they will not buy a half-cent or one-cent copy of the gospel, he leaves with them a leaflet of the third chapter of John, or a compilation of scriptural texts, arranged under suitable headings. This is repeated as fast as he can cover his territory. When this has been thoroughly, earnestly and repeatedly done in the spirit of Jesus, we consider that county has been evangelized. And while we do not cease preaching the gospel, nor have we any intention of giving the people up until Jesus comes again, yet they have had the opportunity our Lord commands His church to give them. We have lovingly told them of Jesus, of His blood to cleanse and of His cross to sever. We have faithfully proclaimed the consequences

of neglecting so great salvation, and we believe we are freed from the blood guiltiness that hangs over the watchman who fails to do this. (Ezekiel, 33.)

When thirty-one churches were formed, we were face to face with the necessity of organizing the work into a homogeneous whole, and giving to every man his work. This matter of organization had been delayed, until we could no longer forbear the apostolic injunction, "to look out men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." Acts 6:3. Looking to God in prayer and consulting Paul's pastoral letters, we found further instructions, which he wrote to Timothy whom he had appointed bishop, saying, "These things I write unto thee, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Again, in writing to Titus, another bishop whom he had appointed, the Apostle Paul said, "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee."

Gathering together our assistants, we formed an

organization as nearly as we could along the lines laid down in the Holy Scriptures, "given by inspiration of God, for our instruction." The churches being assembled, every person agreeing and there being no dissenting voice, it was decided that our situation called for captains of tens, and captains of fifties, and captains of hundreds, in all the churches. The work given these to do was that of assistants to the deacons, who were placed over them and who were entrusted with the money of the church, as well as the spiritual oversight. Pastors were in turn placed over the deacons, and given assistants, who, under them, visited the churches in their charge. Over the pastors was placed a *kammock*, or governing pastor, whom we call, in English, director, rather than the more pretentious name of bishop.

Every three months in their several districts the pastors hold meetings, which are Bible conferences as well as business meetings. Here, also, the churches break bread together, and report to the Annual Conclave (which is presided over by the director) the men whom they approve for captains and deacons. The appointments of pastors and assistant pastors are made by the director. In practice, the director, pastors and peo-

ple agree on appointments, believing that the Holy Spirit has lost none of his ability to administer the affairs of the church, and to the praise of His grace, be it said, the *Tai Han Ki Tock Kyowhay* (Church of Christ in Corea) has been enabled to hear His voice, saying, "Separate me A and B for the work whereunto I have called them." Acts 13:2.

At the first Annual Conclave, Mr. Sen, fulfilling the Scripture requirements, and having made full proof of his ministry, was made first pastor of this people, gathered by God, from among the Gentiles for His name. Acts 15:14.

CHAPTER XI

Pastor Son

THE difference between the men Pastor Sen has trained and those I have taught is, that his students have all "done well," whereas mine have all done ill. You ask if Pastor Sen himself was not one of my students. I reply, only for a few weeks. He was, providentially, taken away from me before too close contact with the white man spoiled him for further usefulness. It is true that he was under my training and supervision from a distance; but this gave him no opportunity to become "important," and his loneliness made him more than pleased to see the director and get his advice. Furthermore the rule of considering that the best way to do a thing you don't know how to do is to begin it, then keep at it until you can do it properly, if a good rule in the natural world, how much more is it so in the spiritual realm, where the Teacher ever abides with you to

guide you into all truth! Of the men Pastor Sen has graduated, two have become pastors, and two have become secretaries. Each of these is a practical, hard-working, spiritually-minded, Bible-wise, devoted Christian, with a sound mind. It is a perfect delight to direct them, to teach them and to watch the work of the Lord growing under them; but, above all else, to see them "growing in grace and in the knowledge of their Saviour, Jesus Christ." For "this is life eternal, to know God and Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent."

Our editors of technical journals are ever telling us that one example of what someone has accomplished is worth more than volumes of theory. I propose to tell, in this and the next chapter, what God hath wrought through two of these men, Mr. Son and Mr. Chang. The former will show Pastor Sen's method of handling men outside of his School of the Prophets, and the latter will show how he handles them in the school.

Five years ago it was my privilege to baptize Mr. Son. He was not very prepossessing in his appearance, but his manner was very gentle and courteous, and his answers, during his examination, were so concise, accurate, and withal so spir-

itual, that I was attracted to him and thought that I recognized possibilities of his future usefulness. One year later, while attending a Bible conference in that district, I asked Pastor Sen to get me a writer. He called Mr. Son, whose writing was beautiful. While he was writing, I picked up his New Testament, which was in Chinese — translated and printed in China, for the Chinese. It had been so “well thumbbed” it was almost worn out, and the whole book showed that it had been much used. “Can you read this?” I inquired. “A little,” said he. Handing it to him, I requested him to read a portion, which he did without the slightest hesitation, even as easily as I would read English. As no one is considered a scholar in Corea unless familiar with the Chinese language, I was glad to find that Mr. Son had a good education, as well as other interesting qualities. When the churches began sending out evangelists, he was one of the first chosen by them, showing that he was “well reported of the brethren.” All of our evangelists carry and sell Bibles, as well as evangelize. Mr. Son did not shine as a bookseller, but he did shine in winning souls and in establishing churches. He and his colleague, in a short time, established eight



PASTOR SEN'S NEW HOUSE, BUILT AT A COST OF \$120.00 U. S. CURRENCY, Page 73.

churches. He next came to my notice, about two years ago, at our Annual Conclave. We usually give the people a chance to testify at these meetings, so that others will get the benefit of their testimony, and in order, too, that we may learn something of how the brethren are growing in grace and in knowledge of Christ. After about twenty had testified, Mr. Son arose, and quietly said this: "I am so glad that my salvation does not depend upon me. My beloved Shepherd has me on His mighty shoulders, and is carrying me." That was the simple, brief testimony.

It has been one of the privileges of my life to listen to some of the great preachers of the church, in large and small conventions, where the unction of the Holy Spirit was overpowering. I have listened to the gospel preached, when strong and unemotional teachers of the Word, gray-haired veterans of the Cross, wept before the Lord, as the Holy Spirit lifted upon us the light of God's reconciled countenance, and showed us the scars of the five bleeding wounds of Emmanuel, and let us hear the rustle of His kingly garments, as He walked in and out among us. When Mr. Son testified, this same mighty swaying unction, which is so impossible to describe, but

which every child of God knows from experience, attended his testimony. A few months later, we were again in conference, and again he testified, for the space of thirty seconds — a clear, concise, scriptural testimony, which went through the meeting like a tingle of electricity.

He was appointed an assistant pastor, which position, if the incumbent does good work, is the stepping stone to a pastorate. Being sent down the coast to a very interesting church which needed instruction, he reported in a fortnight something like this: "Through the unlimited grace of our adorable Lord, it has been the great privilege of this unspeakable, to be His unworthy instrument to bring His blessed gospel to the people, and *eight men* have given themselves to the Lord to preach His evangel."

He was then sent one hundred miles further south, where no regular work had been done. When accepting the appointment, he asked permission to take one of these eight men with him. "He is very much in earnest, and wishes to go out preaching the gospel," he wrote. It was not possible, at the time, to comply with the request, much as we would have liked to do so. So Mr. Son took the brother with him at his own ex-

pense, sharing his poor little pittance of five dollars per month, and each carrying a load of books. Inside of six weeks another beautiful letter came, telling the glad news that *each* had been God's messenger to establish *a church*. As we were in need of a pastor to look after another group of churches, we were led to propose Mr. Son to the whole church. They greatly rejoiced at the proposition, and there being no dissenting voice, we believed that the Holy Spirit was saying to us, "Set apart Mr. Son to the work whereunto I have called him," and we did so.

While staying at our home for a few days, before taking charge of his district, Mr. Son was present one day when I was speaking to "Little Davie" about the believer's indwelling Teacher, 1 John 2:27. Mr. Son looked up and listened intently. When I had finished, he said, "I believe that. Do you remember when you baptized me, five years ago?" "Yes," I said. "One year after that," he went on, "I went to Pastor Sen and told him I wished to know the Bible, and asked him if he would not teach me. Pastor Sen replied, 'Man's teaching is a very poor thing. What you need is to have the Holy Spirit teach you. His teaching is unspeakably lovely. Furthermore, as

you know, I am busy visiting the churches, and could not give you much time. But He *abides* with you ever, day and night, and loves to teach God's children the Holy Scriptures. Ask your Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake, to teach you His Book, by His Holy Spirit, and He *will*.' I did that, and I have found what Pastor Sen said to me was true; the teaching of the Holy Spirit is 'unspeakably lovely.'"

I had the keynote to Mr. Son's useful life, and the secret of his power. Previous to this, I had thought a great deal of Pastor Sen, but I was never so proud of him as when I learned that he had sanctified sense enough to give such a sound and beautiful answer.

CHAPTER XII

Pastor Chang

PANSOONIE was the first young man to be married in the *Tai Han Ki Tock Church*.

The son of a deacon, engaged to the daughter of a deacon, about to be married in their home town, and it being the first Christian wedding to take place in that village, pretty nearly the whole population turned out. Never have I seen a more orderly crowd. As the young woman leaves her own home and parents for the home and parents of the bridegroom, she usually becomes more of a slave than a member of the family. Under these circumstances, it was thought wise to exact a promise from the groom's father and mother to treat her, not as a slave, but as a daughter. The Rev. W. B. McGill, M. D., of the M. E. Mission, who assisted at the ceremony, said afterward: "You should have seen the look of gratitude she gave you when you received that promise for her." In accordance with the Korean

custom, Pansoonie changed his name that day to Sokchunie, and became a man, henceforth to be called Mr. Chang-Sok-Chun.

In a previous chapter it is recorded how he had studied with Mr. Sen for five years. He came, periodically, to our home for rest and study. Being always loaded with a sheaf of Bible questions which bothered him, he was a very interesting student. As he had acquired a working knowledge of the New Testament, and could give the key verse of every chapter, and recite the principal passages of the four Gospels and Acts, being able to locate any verse in the New Testament, I used him on these visits as my "walking concordance." On one of these occasions, he begged to be taken along to a revival which I was called upon to conduct in another city for a brother in the Canadian Presbyterian Mission. He was cordially welcomed by my friend. Some of this brother's men had been off attending a theological seminary and had come home with a lot of bloom rubbed off, and rather heady. After consultation and prayer, it was decided to do nothing but preach the Word, as the most effective way to get the people right with God and man. After about four days the break came. The people wished to

make public confession of their sins, as had become fashionable in Corea; but this was checked, and only their desire to make wrongs right was made public. They were told to confess their sins to God only, in private, and to ask forgiveness of any brother they had wronged by failing to love him as Jesus commanded.

They did so, and then came to the house and told what a hard time they had had going to their brothers, and how delightfully easy and happy a thing it was to ask forgiveness when they reached the brother. A number told how, while going to their brother's house, they had met him coming to them, and how they had vied with each other in taking all the blame upon themselves for what had come between them.

Having thus got right with God and man, we mapped off the city and sent them out two by two, to give the written and spoken invitation to every house and every man, woman and child in the city, to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. So successful were they, that not only the church, but a portion of the large court, was crowded the first night with unbelievers to hear the gospel. As the people had so recently been jealous of one another, it seemed best to have a

stranger preach, so Mr. Chang was asked. Always gentle in manner, with three deep dimples in his cheeks and chin, I was afraid such a smiling young man might not be strong enough for those hard folks in the North. As in the East, all things go contrary to Western ideas, he turned out to be a regular "son of thunder," quite equal to the occasion. In about eight days the whole city was evangelized, a goodly number were added to the Lord, and we said good-bye and journeyed southward.

Here Mr. Chang started *a series of meetings in six different centers*. Everywhere the same results followed. In each place he visited, Satan was found to have stopped the work of God by getting Christians to disobey Jesus' new command to love one another, and to obey Satan's old command to hate one another, thus grieving the Holy Spirit and effectually blocking all work for God.

It is a very interesting fact that Mr. Chang's method of simply opening the book and allowing God's word to do its work on hearts, in every case produced exactly the same results — the people were led to cry out to God for forgiveness of the particular sin of not loving one another.

This is all the more remarkable because of the message which, in each instance, was the same, being a compound text taken from James and Peter: "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh"; "What manner of people ought we to be in all separated living and godliness, looking for and hastening the day of God?" In each and every place the people went away and privately confessed their sins to God; went to those whom they had wronged, asked for and obtained forgiveness, and in every case *while doing so* the Holy Spirit flooded their souls with light and joy, restoring them immediately to their wonted fellowship with Christ and His people. Mr. Chang then sent them out, two by two, into the town and surrounding villages, where they delivered in the jubilation of their restored love the gospel invitation to the weary and the heavy-laden, to "come." The people flocked to the meetings in scores, while hundreds occupied the churches and the church yards, crowding out the believers, who, in generous, hearty courtesy, welcomed them, remaining on the outside themselves.

After six such centers had been reached, Mr. Chang was resting at his father's house a couple of days previous to holding the seventh and last

of the series of meetings. As he rested, two Koreans, dressed in silk, and calling themselves gentlemen, entered his father's courtyard followed by four magistrate's policemen. Mr. Chang, who is a gentleman, began to show his dimples and went out to welcome them, all smiles. "Who is this Western nobleman?" said the gentlemen, and turning to the policemen they said, "Fall upon him! Beat him! Pull off his clothes! What nobleman is this come here with his Western Jesus doctrine?" The police fell on him, beat him, tore his clothes, dragged him out and threw him crashing through the thin ice into the ditch and left him there, while the cold winter wind chilled him to the marrow. He has never had a well day since. He could not walk. His friends carried him, bruised and helpless, to the house, all covered with what the Apostle Paul esteemed above everything else. When defending his apostleship to the Galatians and pleading for the gospel of grace without any mixture of law in it, he wrote this final appeal: "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I, in my body, am bearing the brandmarks of Jesus."

After two days, Mr. Chang, all scarred and



ONE OF PASTOR SEN'S CHURCHES, Page 73.

bruised, waived aside every protest and went to the last meeting. Satan had sent his emissaries ahead, and for four days they opposed the messenger and his message. Then the break came, and *these wicked blasphemers were brought to Christ*. The church having got right with God and man, and going out after the lost as the others had done, this became the greatest meeting of the series. For miles and miles around, the people came to hear the gospel from God's messenger, and many were added to the Lord, both men and women.

Shortly after this my beloved friend Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman came to Corea. I was lonely beyond all expression—the kind of loneliness which only missionaries can understand. He cheered me and made me feel that I had one human friend in Western lands who cared intensely for the welfare of our work. The whole Chapman-Alexander party were goodness itself to me, and I am sure that all missionaries with whom they came in contact feel as I do about their visit.

When the beloved physician and surgeon of the Junkin Memorial Hospital, Dr. C. H. Irvin, heard of Mr. Chang's illness, he took him in and cared

for him as a brother beloved, until he was somewhat restored.

He was then sent into a needy field to open a new station. A room was filled with Bibles from that splendid agency, the American Bible Society, which has made possible so much work in Corea, that would otherwise have remained undone, and twelve evangelists were given him. These were sent out into the surrounding counties on November 4, 1909—one man to each county, which was, as before intimated in this book, as large as the average county in the United States or Canada, but contained more people. On February 28, 1910, the reports were all in, and it was found that so mightily had the work grown that thirty-six new churches had been added to the Lord in four short months.

CHAPTER XIII

The Simple-Hearted Believer in any Country is God's Sufficient Instrument in that Country

PERHAPS more interesting still to the students of missions is the result of the work on the Corean frontier, at "Land's End," in the North; where, across the Tuman River, the mighty land of China commences, and where the Russ, in his unquenchable thirst for a way to the Big Waters out of his land-hemmed domain, has pushed his border; this work is more interesting because of the condition of things and the instruments God used to overcome them. Personally, I know of nothing, in my own experience, which gives such a forceful drive at the great fact that the simple-hearted believer, in any country, is God's most efficient and most economical witness, in that country, and that comparatively few expensive foreigners are needed.

Leaving Wonsan, a year ago last April, I sailed

for the farthest port north in Corea. There, the first deacon in our church, who shut up his store to accompany me, and I, got our boxes of Bibles on a man push-car and started for the frontier. The third day we were preaching on the streets of the largest city on the Tuman River, which divides Corea from China on the northeast side of the peninsula. There I went on the streets, and before a large, respectful, silent crowd, asked their forgiveness for having lived in Corea, only five hundred miles away, for twenty-five years, without having once come to tell them of the Son of God who came to earth and died to save them. Renting a merchant's stall for two dollars and a half per month, we opened for that splendid pioneer of the gospel — the American Bible Society — a Bible book room in this Border town. It was a strange experience to awaken in the morning and look out of our quarters, across the river, upon the ancient hills of China.

If I would go on, there were three ways open to me: ride on a small weak pony, on a large strong bullock-cart, or walk. I chose the first, which terminated in the last. The frost was coming out of the rich soil of Manchuria, which contains so large a deposit of humus it was as

black as my hat. It was at that stage of moisture which bread attains when turned on the bread-board for kneading. The pony almost broke down without carrying me, so I trudged along in my rubber boots, with ten pounds of the black muck on either foot. Deep ditches, six or eight inches wide, were cut through this magnificent alluvia by the tricklets of melted snow, six feet deep. So rich is the soil that all natural fertilizers are thrown away, and become a nuisance. I carried home with me from this region a corn broom, whose fiber, grown without fertilizer, was twenty-two inches long. There I tasted potatoes, so rich and mealy, I could shut my eyes and fancy they were the kind mother mashed, with cream in them. Such enormous crops of these were grown without fertilizer, that I fear to tell it.

There are from one to two hundred thousand Coreans emigrated into this part of Manchuria, and an equal number across the Border into Russia. After penetrating to the heart of this section, straight north from Corea, we turned south again and recrossed the Tuman, thirty miles north of the book room, and that much nearer the mouth of the river. A heavy snowstorm delayed us two days on the Border, before we again took to the

Corean hills, where the tigers have so terrified the people. We, with difficulty, got our horse-grooms to cross the mountains. The sun came out strong and hot, and we crossed a branch of the Tuman, on our zigzag journey into the hills, twenty-two times before noon, when the melting snow made such a freshet as rendered it impossible to go forward or backward. A great, giant mountaineer, whose marauding club was highly polished with much handling, invited us to his home, with all the courtesy of these splendid Border folk. I confess, however, to having eyed that club a bit cannily, as I lay down to rest. In the morning we could cross the swollen branch, but when I would settle up for our entertainment, our host, in true Border style, spurned to accept remuneration. As politely as possible, I tried to get him to take something. Drawing himself up to his splendid six feet, he said, "Friend, we don't do that sort of thing in the North. We are gentlemen." Everywhere it was the same. They had never seen a white man before, but nothing could surpass their open-hearted generosity. I always liked pioneer Border people, and my heart went out to these splendid Coreans, with unfeigned good-will.



A SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH IN A RAILWAY TOWN OF 30 PEOPLE. THIS GATHERING IS COM-
POSED OF BELIEVERS THAT CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO MEET MR. FENWICK.

When, through the deep snow of the north side, we had climbed to the top of the Divide, one of those strange surprises of nature greeted us. In a little pool, in a depression of the road, singing away as merrily as in a Southern swamp, were a number of young bullfrogs. We were looking for tigers. There is a saying in Corea to this effect: "The people hunt tigers six months of the year, and the tigers hunt the people the other six months." A friend of mine, while in the forests of the North, as I then was, saw ahead of him a movement in the bushes. It proved to be a tiger's tail, twisting backward and forward as a cat's will when a bird is in range. Following the outline through the leaves, he saw the head turned away and the huge beast intently watching something over the brow of the hill. After putting a ball from his heavy tiger gun behind the animal's ear, he went to see what had been attracting his attention. Down the hill slope, a few rods away, he saw a Corean raking up leaves for fuel. The tiger had a magnificent pelt and measured thirteen and a half feet from tip to tip. But, as Kipling says, that is another story.

From our high point of view, stretching away

to the east where lies the land of the only country for me, I beheld the waters so far across which my loved ones lived, and where was the fresh-made grave of my mother. When I left to go to Corea alone, in 1889, she, though sixty-six years of age, wanted to go with me. In 1899 word came she was failing. The next steamer saw me on my way to her dear side. She recovered, but I was called upon to say good-bye in life, as we both well knew, for the last time. I remember taking the Book and trying to pray, and then giving it up! How brave mother was! And how different was this parting from that last parting, elsewhere recorded in this book. "It's all right, my son," she now said; "Jesus will soon be back again, and then we shall see each other, to part no more, forever." Blessed hope! How it shines in my sorrow! But parting is parting, and I can feel the almost unendurable ache of it yet, as I went to the station and on, out of the city, towards Corea.

Pardon me, reader — where was I? Oh yes! I remember now; on top of the Divide. Well, we went down to the coast; then struck northwest again, and once more crossed the Tuman — this time, one hundred miles nearer to the mouth. It

was a broad, deep river here, and again we entered China. Hiring a Corean Jehu, with a Chinese wagon, we were soon across the Border line, which separates Siberia from China. The Russians had heaped great mounds of earth, to show where the boundary was. A hard day's drive brought us late that night to the beautiful Bay of Possett, where a rich Corean gentleman entertained us lavishly, until a coasting steamer took us to Vladivostok. There another Corean gentleman entertained us, until the mail boat left for Wonsan and home.

While in the mountains of Corea, we passed through one village where was a wedding feast, and still another where an old man had seen the full Corean cycle of sixty years, and that day commenced a new cycle. As usual, a big feast was spread for him, and the neighbors had gathered for many miles around. The old man came out, took me by the hand, gracefully led me to the seat of honor at the feast, and proceeded to lavish his best upon the first white man to enter his glen. Evangelist Kim soon joined me here, and as the people had bought all the books he had with him at the wedding feast, and had held him by the coat when he would leave, begging him

to tell more of that dear old story, he unpacked here his entire pony-load of books, and continued to sell at this feast as long as his books lasted. The deacon left in charge of the book room, waiting in vain for a few days for the people to come and buy his books, put up the shutters, tied some Bibles in his handkerchief and started out around town, to sell and preach. He came to a hatmaker who was a skilled workman, and had at one time made large money and was well off. But the Chinese had brought British opium (it makes me blush just to write the disgraceful word) over the Border, and taught the young Koreans to use it. The hatmaker was one of these abused fellows, ignorant, at first, of the harm being done him. I wonder if my readers know what opium-smoking will do for a man? Most of us know what drink will do, and a few of us know what gambling will do.

When Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was in Australia, a young man came to his room in the hotel. He was a fine-looking young fellow. "Sir," he said, "I have a dear wife and two beautiful children; and I am a gambler." Holding up his right hand, he said, "I'd cut it off if I could stop gambling." Then he held up his left. "I'd cut that off, too,

if I could quit. God knows I cannot. I've tried again and again and failed." That is what gambling will do for a man. You know the Saviour Dr. Chapman had to offer him that day. Now, if you put together all that drunkenness will do, and all that gambling will do, to put a man down and hold him there, in its fatal grasp, and then multiply the downward pull by ten, by fifteen, by twenty, you will have some conception of what opium-smoking will do for a man. After it is used for a while, activity is replaced with stupidity, and stupidity with cupidity. A man once addicted to it will lie, pawn, steal and murder, if need be; but he will get it, if it is to be had. By and by the assimilating organs refuse to digest food, and nature's storehouse, the flesh, is drawn upon to sustain life. Soon it is all gone. The skin is dry, full of cracks and drawn tightly over the bones. The emaciated face becomes about the color of a coal-ash heap, and the end soon comes. This poor fellow, the hatmaker, was like that. When the deacon told him that great story, he listened for the first time to the Name—that peerless Name. Then he said, "There is no use talking to me. I'm a sinner. Why, man, I have not only broken God's laws, I have broken all

my country's laws; I'm a disgrace to my family; I'm a disgrace to the town; I'm a disgrace to my country. My family is starving and I am dying." "Do not talk that way," said the deacon, "I have a Saviour for you. He will snap the chain that binds you and set you free. He will take away all that appetite. He will wash all your sins clean in His own precious blood, and He will make a free and happy man of you, if you will permit Him to be your Saviour and Lord. See, here is God's Word." And opening the Bible, the deacon unfolded to him that wonderful story of love and grace and power. Leaving a gospel with the despairing man, he left; but daily, for five days, he returned to him. On the fifth day, this enslaved opium-eater said "Yes, *I will. I will* take this Jesus to be my Saviour." Then, with all the simplicity of belief of a little child, he added: "He loved me enough to die for me. He shall be my Saviour; He shall restore me, and I will be His willing bond-slave." Listen! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, that hitherto uncontrolled appetite for opium was taken absolutely away, and the thing he before loved so dearly he now loathed completely.

Listen again! In ten days' time his flesh had come back on him, like an infant's. His strength returned, and he was able once more to use his skilled hands. This redeemed man went through that town as a burning torchlight, with his face all aglow with the light of Heaven, and a new ring in his voice, telling people of the mighty Saviour who had set him free. As a result of his testimony, we have a splendid church there to-day, whose members, no matter how weary with the day's toil, gather nightly around the Book, and pore over its quickening word until far into the night. "Well," you say, "did that opium man hold out, or was it just a temporary thing with him?" I will answer your question, most convincingly and satisfactorily, by relating briefly as possible another story. In Corea, if a man takes sick among strangers when traveling away from home, the people of the house are so afraid of death and so superstitious, that they put the poor fellow on the street. Then the villagers become alarmed for fear bad luck should come to them if the man dies among them. Cuts are drawn, and those on whom the lot falls carry him on to the next village and quickly slink away, for fear they will be seen and a village row started. When the

sick man is discovered, the second village repeats the performance; and so on, from village to village, without food or drink being offered the sufferer, until he dies. I have seen this, as have others. I remember passing one of these victims, lying outside a village, all cold in death, one day — a sacrifice to heathen ethics — the kind of ethics that traitors to their Lord dared to place on the same platform with Jesus Christ, in that obnoxious Parliament of Religions, at the World's Fair, in 1903.

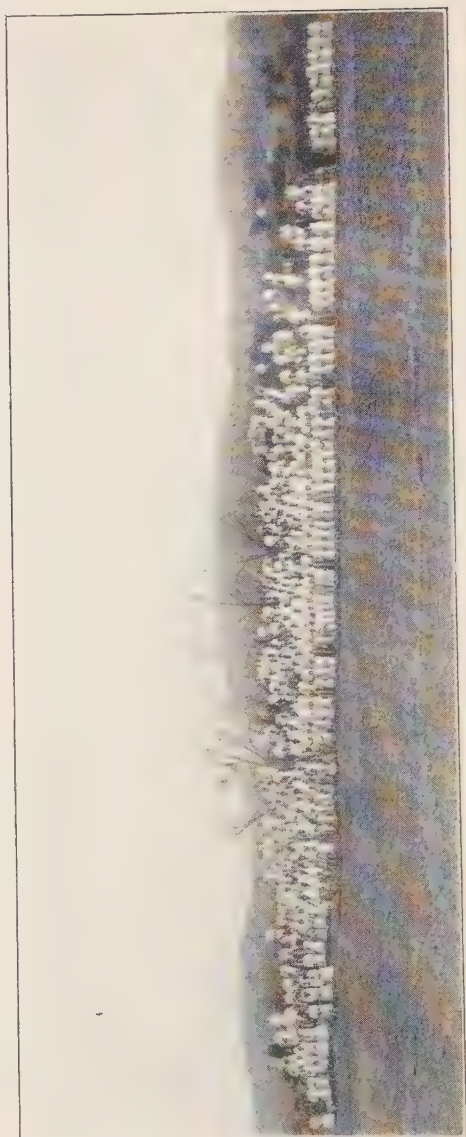
When the one-time opium-eater was adopted into the family of God, through "the new birth," he was told by the villagers that the devils would get after him and kill all his household. As though to enable them to say, "I told you so," the grandmother died shortly after. Then the villagers insisted on his appeasing the demons at once by a big devil funeral. He declined. They were determined. But the great Palestine Shepherd who came to Daniel's rescue in the den of lions knew His little one was in trouble, and immediately sent along Evangelist Kim who was established in the faith to his rescue. How all sufficient for every emergency is our Christ, whether in Corea or America! Our poor man was

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comforted and encouraged by Mr. Kim, and the grandmother was given the first Christian funeral in that section. The villagers were truly alarmed and made trouble. And, as though to verify their fear of demons, two of the afflicted man's little children took a malignant fever and died. "Did we not tell you the demons would kill your whole family? Now you will have a devil funeral," they insisted. "No I will not," said this babe in Christ. "I will have a Jesus funeral." "But, you see, your children are dead." "Oh," he replied, "I am so glad they heard of Jesus before they died. It would have been a fearful thing had they died not knowing of the Saviour. But it's all right now. They have gone to Him." Again at this time Mr. Kim was made a comfort to him. One Sunday, soon after this, when a service was being held, two policemen came along and wanted to know who was in charge of the meeting. "I am," said Mr. Kim. "Well, you must leave town," they said. "I can't do that," said Kim. "My Lord sent me here and I dare not leave. If you have authority to put me out, you must exercise it, but I cannot leave." Then the officers fell on him, beat him, tore his clothes, smashed his hat, ripped his books to pieces, and departed. Some of

the brethren wrote me about the hard time the evangelist had been having. The same mail brought a letter from Mr. Kim himself, who never mentioned the trouble. He simply said, "Having a fine time. Please send more evangelists."

The leader of the evangelists in that section, having relieved Deacon Kim of his charge of the book room, and being one of the new men who had journeyed seven hundred and fifty miles to this section, was taken ill. A sort of decline. Nothing seemed to do him any good and he gradually failed. He was a noble fellow, fifty years of age, who had sacrificed much to go. In great weakness he made an inventory of his books, fixed up all his accounts, then wrote me a beautiful letter, telling me he was dying and was such an unworthy servant of God. He said he had asked God to forgive him, and would not I forgive him, too? There was nothing to forgive. I never knew a more faithful man, and he was very competent, too. The redeemed opium-man, who, at one time, had worshipped demons, put sick strangers on the street to die, had ruined his life and left his family to starve, went down to the book room and said to the dying man, "You are not comfortable here. Come home with me."



ONE OF MR. FENWICK'S BIBLE CLASSES.

Then he took him to his home, gave him the best he had, and nursed him like a mother, until the brother went to his sure reward. Then he gave him a splendid "Jesus funeral," the fourth from his house, after he had found Christ. And now, I believe I have answered the question as to the "holding out" of the rescued opium victim.

Upon arrival at Wonsan, I arranged to have a Bible conference in the South, where, after several days of blessing, *fifty* evangelists were set apart and sent out — nine of these being for the Tuman River district. They gladly left comfortable homes, loved ones, and their native villages, which means more of hardship to a Corean than to a white missionary who leaves his native land. Unlike the latter, they had no elaborate outfit, no Pullman car, to travel in, no expensive voyaging to pay for. With changes of clothing on their backs, tied up in bundles, they set out on their weary journey of seven hundred and fifty miles, and crossed swollen streams, as John Elliott did, when, sitting down on the opposite side of a stream, he wrung out his stockings, saying, "John Elliott, thou must endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." They waited days until it was safe to launch the ferry, and

when their expense money, by reason of delay, grew short, they went hungry, but plodded on until they reached the Tuman, at a cost to their supporters of five dollars (\$5) each for the long journey. George Pullman did not get much out of that. It would have cost nine white missionaries three thousand dollars (\$3,000) to reach the Tuman from New York or London; for years they would have been more of a hindrance than a help, and only a few of them, at best, would have made useful servants; as some would die, others break down, and still others turn out misfits.

Furthermore, those three great mountains — the language, the customs, and greatest of all, the people — had been crossed by these native missionaries, without one cent of cost to the home churches. It would have cost the latter more than forty-five thousand dollars (\$45,000) to have given an equal education in these elementary missionary subjects to nine white missionaries.

Furthermore, so grand a man as Carey spent fifteen years before he was used of God to win one convert. Now note the following remarkable facts. When I passed through these inland mountains, day after day, I inquired of the men I met

if they had ever heard of Jesus. The invariable answer was, "No. Who is He?" "What," I would say, "don't you know there is a church of Jesus Christ in Corea, which numbers over one hundred and fifty thousand baptized Coreans?" "No," they would say, "never heard of it before." It was absolutely raw heathen ground, for the most part.

In ten months, these devoted evangelists were used of God to establish *ten splendid churches* in this district, averaging *forty-five* members each.

CHAPTER XIV

After God Taught, We Prayed, and He sent the Laborers He had Educated

WHEN, after long years of infinite patience, God was able to teach us that the work is His, and that He is the Worker, too, while His children are only saws, hammers, plows, ox-goads and rams' horns, shepherd's slings and jawbones, to be used or not by Him as seemeth good unto His imperial will; after He had taught us, in infinite love, that God was the harvest Lord and that the harvest was His; that He prepared or educated the man for the spot, and appointed the place for the man, we began to obey and to pray (Matthew 9:38). We asked Him to send us one hundred laborers for the field lying white to the harvest, and, generous Master that He always is, He sent us one hundred and thirty-five. We did not dictate what nationality they should be, and it pleased Him to send all Coreans, whom the world has been edu-

cated to believe are poor, worthless, helpless beings. As though He would give a lesson, and teach man how unnecessary all his boasted achievements are to Him, and how indifferent it is to Him what kind of an instrument He has, provided this instrument has been adopted into the family of God and carries the open Bible, He sent the kind man despises. For the greater portion of these, God provided the five dollars a month necessary for their support; to others we gave Bibles and sent them out, selling on commission. When, eighteen months ago, we commenced praying, we had about forty churches established. We have now one hundred and sixty-two. It is an interesting thought to all lovers of missions that these have been established in exact proportion to the number of God-given laborers which we have been permitted to send out. These laborers cost home contributors sixteen and a half cents a day in American currency, while the white missionary costs home contributors more than five dollars per day. Since immortal souls are priceless, and their value cannot be reckoned in dollars, and since it is as easy for God to supply five dollars a day as sixteen and a half cents for His labor, and since He is no re-

spector of persons, we are wondering why, of all the one hundred and thirty-five, He did not send one white man. He does not despise the white man, even if the yellow man does. We made no stipulation when asking as to the kind or color of laborers He should send, or what should be their educational and other achievements. We simply asked Him to raise up and send us laborers for His harvest. We believe that He used Pastors Chang and Son very largely to raise up these men; and as His wonder-working has passed before our eyes, we have done little but sit and gaze, spell-bound, in adoring gratitude at His marvelous grace and goodness.

Others have been led differently. This little book tells, in its poor way, how God has led us, and with our poor, lisping, stammering tongues we give Him praise. Soon we hope to see our Beloved, as He is, in all His kingly glory and beauty. We believe we shall then be like Him, without one fault, because He has undertaken the difficult task (1 Thessalonians 5: 23, 24; Ephesians 5: 26, 27).

Mrs. Fenwick and I have at times been lonely, but we are looking forward in anticipation of the grace we are to receive at the appearing of Jesus,



A SMALL GROUP OF NATIVE EVANGELISTS—THE FATHERS OF OUR
CHURCHES.

so that we may in some measure adequately thank Him that "Unto us, who are less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that we should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

After this book was completed some friends insisted so strongly on the inclusion of an address delivered in America, dealing with the application of the secret of the success of evangelism in Corea to the conduct of the home church, that it is here appended.

The first great secret of the splendid results of the Corean evangelists' testimony is the Spirit of sacrifice with which they are endured.

It is a great thing which comes to the student of spiritual psychology, as he first learns that when a son of the first Adam is reborn into the second Adam, and the Holy Spirit hitherto working unto conviction of sin from without "the old man," takes up His abode within "the new man," he adds nothing to the faculties of "the old man," — He only makes possible one hundred per cent values of those faculties as fast as "the new man" yields to His wooing and teaching, in pliable willingness. 'T is good, too, to note just here, in passing, that, entirely outside of and apart from His man, the Holy Spirit works in wondrous ways for the encouragement and joy of His yielded subject who has only the limited faculties, — who,

ofttimes, stands still, in adoring wonder, to see the salvation of God. But when He is making use of men and women in GOD'S service, He works through their varied personalities and characteristics and powers — in short, through the entire natural equipment, in so far as it is yielded to Him.

The great outstanding characteristics of the Corean are *patience* and *humility*. These are the splendid traits which have brought the nation all its political trouble. *Generosity* is another prominent quality.

Patience! Humility! Generosity! It is easy to see what the Spirit of GOD can do with such a natural and rich vein of precious ore to mine. As these characteristics are yielded to Him, the Holy Spirit transmits them into a spirit of sacrifice like only to that of the great apostle to the Gentiles; the kind that esteemed everything but dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, His LORD, — by whom the world was crucified unto Him and He unto the world. It is not so to-day, in so-called Christian lands. It is well known that the church is on very good terms indeed with the very old, malignant world that crucified the Son of GOD. The Apostle Paul had

it under his feet, through Him for whom he counted all things but loss, for the unspeakable privilege of knowing Him. And "This is Life Eternal, to know GOD and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." That is the Life these Coreans have — an acquaintance with GOD and His beloved Son. They have become fairly intimate with GOD, through His Son, their Elder Brother. And, speaking reverently, they got on this intimate footing in the same way the Apostle Paul did, by the sacrifice of self and by the sacrifice of the world. This is the negative side — they *give up* the things which are their enemies and which GOD hates. Included in these are all things — education, position, religious fervor, power, a big name, a great income or anything which might loom up between the soul and GOD; all those things which Paul had in abundance, compared with being on intimate terms with Jesus, are worse than worthless. That's the value I place upon them, says the Apostle in his letter to the church down at Phillippi, where he and Silas had been put in jail, because of their intimacy with their Princely Friend.

Now that is negative. The positive side is more beautiful. The love of this Kingly Friend had so

gripped Paul, that he calls himself (Romans 1 : 1) His willing bond-slave. He not only gave up everything to be with Jesus, in loving companionship, but he held his best at Jesus' disposal, night or day, anywhere, anytime, under every circumstance, only the best for Jesus. That is positive sacrifice. Both the negative and positive side of sacrifice belong to the Spirit of sacrifice. This is the motive of the GOD-head. It was moving the Father, from all eternity, to give His Son, a ransom for many. I fancy I catch a faint thought as to the great ache in His heart, as He contemplated with His omniscience on the day of His great sorrow, when He would make His great sacrifice and pollute His spotless Son with the foul load of our sins, making *Him* sin; and after heaping upon His tenderly Loved One this indignity and shame, He would complete the awful necessity by spilling His blood in the most ignominious way known to man; that I, the criminal, who caused this need, might become a blood relation of Himself, through His Son. I fancy I can see Him searching with those eyes which go to and fro in the earth, for one human soul that could enter into sympathy with His great sorrow — one that would understand. In the space of

four thousand years, among an estimated billion of people, He found one man whom He could trust enough for the necessary trial which would beget the necessary knowledge, and He called him His friend.

What a distinction. Then He called on Abraham to do what He Himself intended doing — offer up his only son. Abraham obeyed to the limit. But e'er the poised knife descended, GOD stayed it. His friend had done all he could do for Him. But when *He* offered up *His* only Son, like the Son, He stood alone. There was no voice to call — no power to stay His hand. The sacrificial knife did its work. The Father offered up His Son in the Spirit of sacrifice. Likewise the Son offered up Himself without spot unto GOD. His sacrifice was negative and positive. He laid aside His glory, and putting on the body of our humiliation, He became a poor, helpless Babe for us — the negative side; through the Eternal Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus, the Spirit of sacrifice.

And what shall we say of that Spirit of sacrifice, Himself? Did you ever think, reader, that from the time Jesus sent Him to live over again in us the life of Jesus, lest we be desolate orphans — until now — humanly speaking, He has been

away from Home and the Father and the Son for nineteen hundred years? I sometimes wonder if He is not lonely. I'm sure it will be a great reunion, when He, like Abraham's servant, takes a bride of the Father's own kin, back to His rich Master's only Son, who comes forth to meet her and the Son is comforted (Genesis 24, 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18). Thus—the Holy Spirit denies Himself—negative sacrifice; and is good to us—positive sacrifice; because He is the Spirit of sacrifice. Being in the Corean believer, and being yielded to, in a very beautiful way, He brings forth that great fruit, which He, Himself, creates and multiplies in them, as I wish to illustrate.

Elsewhere I have spoken of Pastor Sen's sacrifice of home, comfort and even food, that he might send out his young students to the perishing around him.

Two years ago, while at our Annual Conclave, one of the deacons, asking to be excused, came into my room and took down a little spruce box. It was about a foot long, seven or eight inches high and about six inches broad. It looked as though one of John D. Rockefeller's oil boxes which carry the oil to Corea in shiploads had been

knocked to pieces to furnish the boards. It was nailed together with some of Andrew Carnegie's steel nails, which also came in large quantities, and on top of the box were placed two empty, condensed-milk tins, still bearing Gail Borden's signature. "What box is that?" I said to the deacon. "Our treasury," he proudly replied. I laughed outright, notwithstanding the fact that I felt very serious, because of the solemn communion of which we were about to partake. The box was so rough and crude — yet three of the world's richest men were represented in its make-up. The next day the reports came in, and as the treasurer's report was read, my laughter was turned to tears, when I learned that into those empty milk tins, and transferred into that rough box, these babes in Christ, out of the abundance of their poverty, had given seven dollars per member to carry the gospel to the lost. There was not a wealthy man represented. The richest man was not worth a thousand dollars, and there were not a dozen worth two hundred dollars. Very few were worth one hundred dollars and most of them had not ten dollars worth of earthly possessions. But they were rich toward GOD. If you reckon the average American wage at two

dollars per day, and the average Korean wage at twenty cents per day, then these splendid disciples had put into that box, relatively, seventy dollars per member.

I am told that in the United States the disciples of the LORD Jesus spend three dollars per capita on themselves, and a fraction of half a cent on others. These men spent, relatively, seventy dollars on others, and practically nothing on themselves, — touched by the Spirit of sacrifice.

Shortly before I left Korea for America, eight men came up from the country, fifty miles, to study the Bible with me. Learning that I was booked for a conference three hundred miles away at that time, they were greatly disappointed. So I delayed starting a couple of days and taught them. When down town at the Post Office, I noticed one of their number — a dear boy, twenty years of age — going from house to house, evidently trying to sell a bundle of dried mushrooms he was carrying. It was about thirty inches long and about eight inches thick in the center. The second day I said to him, "I saw you down town. Did you sell your mushrooms?" "Yes," said he. "What did you get for them?" "Ten cents," he replied. "Ten



THE EIGHT MEN WHO CAME UP FROM THE COUNTRY—THE MUSH-
ROOM BOY IN BACK ROW TO EXTREME RIGHT.

cents!" said I in surprise. "How long did you spend on the hills gathering those?" "About ten days," he said. "Well, that is pretty heavy wages, is it not? A cent a day, for ten days." Turning to his companions I asked if that was all the expense money he had to come fifty miles to study the Bible. "Yes," they replied. Then I said to him, "The next time you have any mushrooms for sale bring them to me; I'll give you more than that for them." "Why — does the pastor eat mushrooms?" he eagerly inquired. "Oh, I can eat a few and the Core-ans around our home can eat more — you bring them to me." "Thank you," said he. I baptized six of them — splendid, noble men. This young man, with his hair still down his back in a braid, showing him to be unmarried, and therefore, a "boy," was the first to be baptized. At the question, "My beloved brother! Do you believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of GOD?" he turned and looked into my eyes, while his own fairly danced in gladness, and his poor, sun-burned, pock-marked face, I think, was one of the most beautiful I have ever looked upon; and then he answered me. I can hear the ring in his voice yet as he said, "YES, I DO." That was

the happiest moment I had spent in Corea. I have baptized very few; I prefer to have our Corean pastors do that. But look on this baptism as one of the great privileges of my life.

He had had a hard time of it when he first came to Christ. The six families of relatives persecuted him severely—and he at that time only fourteen years of age—but Jesus never failed him, and his beautiful life, his earnest testimony, won over three families to Christ, and he thus became the father of a church. He and five of the men who came with him to study said to me before leaving, “Pastor! you know we are very poor and can’t go far from home, preaching the gospel, and there are more than one hundred villages around our town without a single believer in them. Could you not help us to reach them?” I told them how I appreciated their wish, and how delighted I would be if I had the paltry five dollars a month, for each, to enable me to send them. “But, you know,” said I, “we have already seventy-two evangelists on full pay and we have not another dollar to put out.” They looked very sad, then said, “Could you not think of some way?” I told them it was possible to give them a supply of

Bibles, and a commission on them, which would amount to about seventy-five cents or a dollar a month. "Hallelujah!" they enthusiastically answered. So they started off, each carrying a heavy load of Bibles on his back, and glad and proud of the privilege. Before I got away for America the first report came in. One of these men had been used of GOD to establish a church, and the mushroom boy had established two more — touched by the Spirit of sacrifice.

A missionary friend of mine in Corea, Doctor Underwood, was in the country visiting his flocks when he came across a godly old man tugging away at a plow. Knowing him to be fairly comfortable, he said to him, "Why Mr. Kim, what does this mean?" "Oh, I'm just plowing my field to get in the seed." "But where is your cow?" "Oh, I sold her." "Why, what's the matter?" "Oh, nothing." But my friend was not to be put off. So Kim said at last, "You see, Pastor, we did not have enough money to finish our church, and it needed a roof, so I sold my cow, and some of the rest helped, and we got the church finished." And there was the noble, old man with the perspiration running from every pore as he tugged at the

plow, because he had given his cow to help finish a church building,—touched by the Spirit of sacrifice.

Last April, 1910, before leaving the country, I sent Pastor Son up to the Tuman country to organize the churches there into a district, and appoint overseers. At the meetings he held, seven men asked for the privilege of carrying heavy loads of Bibles over those hills, for what commission they might, with hard work, receive—seventy-five cents per month. A few days ago a letter from Mrs. Fenwick reached me, stating that a second trip had been made by Mr. Son, and that the seven men on commission had done nobly, but were having a hard time—yet did not like to give up; that often they were so hungry they ate the leaves of the trees to stay their appetites. One year ago last April they had never heard of Jesus. Now they endure hardness like that, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ touched by the Spirit of sacrifice. The time would fail me to tell a tithe of the noble sacrifices our Corean Christians make under the inspiration of the Spirit of sacrifice, Who dwelleth with them and is in them.

And not in them only. A few months ago, I

heard a missionary from South Africa tell of a little black maid who wanted to give something to Jesus. The only thing she possessed that had any value was a white enameled washbasin which she loved better than anything else she owned. Yet she sold it for thirty cents, and receiving her thirty brass rods, ran with them to her friend saying, "Take them and keep them for me. I fear I would spend the rods for other things. Give me only one every Sunday, for Jesus, when I go to church." The same Spirit of sacrifice — operating in the little black girl!

Mr. S. D. Gordon tells the story of a little white girl who was a cripple. Unable to leave her room without the aid of crutches, and being too poor to get them, some kind people had bought her a pair, on which she hobbled through the streets — the most joyous soul in all the village. Everybody loved Maggie; she was so bright and happy. The minister of the church where she attended received a touching appeal from an evangelist in the mountains for the poor people there. He spoke of it the following Sunday, passing on the appeal to his congregation. But somehow it did n't go. The banker yawned, the miller snapped his watch, and there was no

response as far as the minister could see; so sitting down and covering his face with his hands, he felt he had made a miserable failure of it.

But a great battle was being fought by a little girl in the back pew. "Oh," she thought, "I wish I had something to give, but I have n't — not even a penny." "You could give your crutches, Maggie," said a quiet voice in her heart. "My crutches? Oh, I could n't give my crutches. They are my very life." "Give your crutches, Maggie!" came the voice again. "Oh, how can I do it?" "Give your crutches, Maggie!" once more came the pleading words, and Maggie said, "I will." The usher, seeing only a little girl in the back pew, thought he would not bother going to her, but suddenly changed his mind and gracefully held the plate out to Maggie. She raised her crutches and tried to get them on. Quickly perceiving her wish, he reached out his hand and steadied them on the plate, as he slowly went back up the aisle. The people stared and said, "Maggie! Giving her crutches! Look!" The banker beckoned to the usher and hastily writing fifty dollars (\$50) on a piece of paper, motioned to him to take the crutches

back. The old miller called him, too. And as the people beckoned, the ushers had to pass the plates the second time, until four hundred dollars (\$400) had been laid thereon — called forth by the Spirit of sacrifice in Maggie.

For many years it has been my privilege to know a beautiful, bright, clever, overflowing happy young lady, who left her comfortable Christian home, and going to a large city, in obedience to that same quiet voice, took up work among the poor and Christless. None of the usual ways being open for her support, she decided to deal with Headquarters for the supply of all her needs, as she worked and prayed. I have known her, brave girl that she is, to be engaged in busy service for others until ten o'clock at night, without having a place to lay her head when the evening's work was over, and telling no one her circumstances, remembering that Some One had said, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth." I have known her to go cheerfully, two days and two nights, without a morsel of food, with a song on her lips and a light in her countenance, the two tell-tales of a happy, contented heart — touched by the Spirit of sacrifice.

Again I am indebted to Mr. Gordon for the following story. A few months ago, an old Southern slave who had refused his freedom, and lived with his master until the last. Through the years he had carefully saved up money enough to buy a railway ticket back to Georgia, when his master should be needing him no longer. One morning, as the Georgia train was pulling out of Washington, a big negro with a very black face and white hair came rushing down the platform, and barely caught the last car. His shoes were covered with dust, and his appearance showed signs of a long tramp. Going from one end of the car to the other, he found no empty seat, so he stood up against the door, wearily shifting from one foot to the other. A young man saw he was tired, and courteously said, "Take my seat, uncle." (If that young man should read these lines, I wish he would write to me. I should like to thank him. "The Athenians preach hospitality; the Lacedonians practice it.") Soon the conductor came along, crying, "Tickets! Tickets!" As he reached a lady in the seat behind the ex-slave, she said, "Oh, sir! I have no ticket, but you must not put me off. Last year," she went on, "the doc-

tors said my husband had tuberculosis, and that his only chance of recovery was to go South. So we sold a few things, and got money enough to send him to Georgia. Yesterday I got a telegram saying he was dying; and oh! I must go to him, and I have no money. You won't put me off." The kind-hearted conductor was touched, but told her, "Rules are rules. Your story touches me deeply, Madam, but if I do not put you off, I will lose my job. Tickets! Tickets!" The old negro looked up and said, "I speck, Conductor, you all will have to put me off." The conductor spoke gruffly, "You old nigger! What do you mean? This woman has some excuse, but you —— if it were not for the time, I would stop the train and put you off on the roadside. Get off at the next stop!" "Yes sir!" meekly said the tired old man.

As the train slowed down, he pulled his Georgia ticket out of his pocket, bought with the savings of years that the pull of his native birthplace so strong in the negro race might be satisfied. When the train stopped, he rose up, stepped to the lady's seat, and with splendid courtesy, bowed like a courtier of the old school, and said, "Dere's your ticket to Georgia, Mam,"

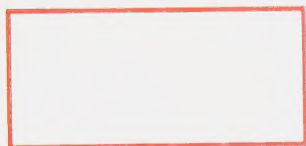
and going down the steps of the car, started on his long tramp to Georgia — touched by the Spirit of sacrifice.

There is one Spirit, one LORD, one Baptism. I have told you what this Spirit of sacrifice will do for yellow people, for white people, for black people, — in Corea, in Africa, in America. There is a place where we can all get Georgia shoes — a place called Calvary. They are obtainable only there. Because, a long while ago, a Young Man paid full price for the entire supply, so that all who would, might come there, and get a pair, without money and without price. They enable all wearers to keep step with the Spirit of sacrifice. They are the only shoes which will enable the wearer to walk that blood-stained way, marked by the bleeding foot-prints of the Son of God, “who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

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